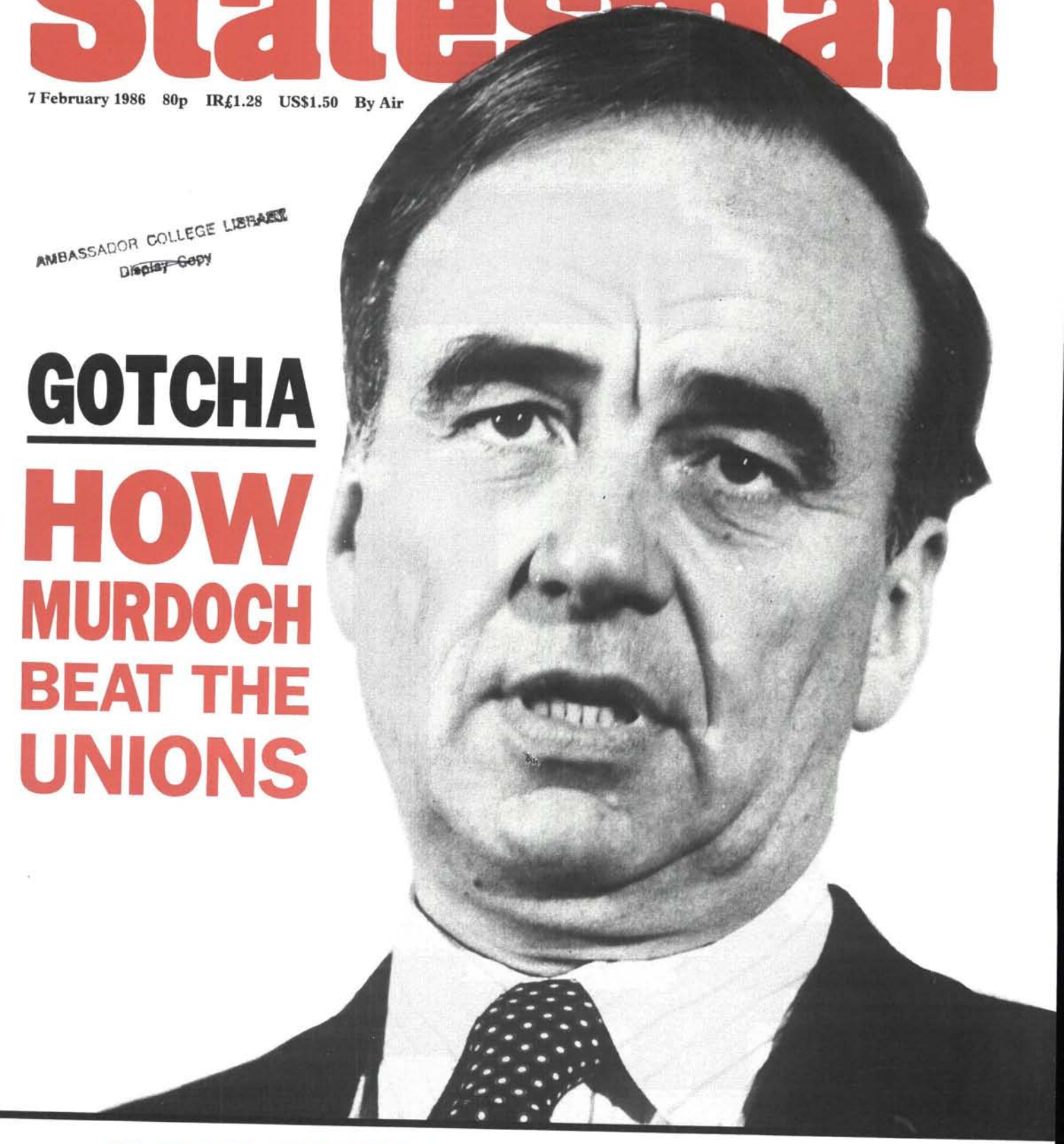
New Statesman

7 February 1986 80p IR£1.28 US$1.50 By Air

AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy

GOTCHA

HOW MURDOCH BEAT THE UNIONS



CLAUDIA WRIGHT: In the debris of the Shuttle

HUGH STEPHENSON: Labour after Westland

KATE HOEY: Sport's bad image

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREENPEACE

WHERE TO FIND US.

IN ACTION:
DEFENDING, CAMPAIGNING, RESEARCHING, EDUCATING, ALL FOR THE NATURAL WORLD.

36 Graham Street, London N1 8LL

HOW TO HELP US

Greenpeace urgently need your support.

1. Please enclose a donation of £_____
2. Join us and follow our campaigns in our quarterly newsletter.
   Annual subscription rates: Single – £7.50. Family – £12.00 £_____

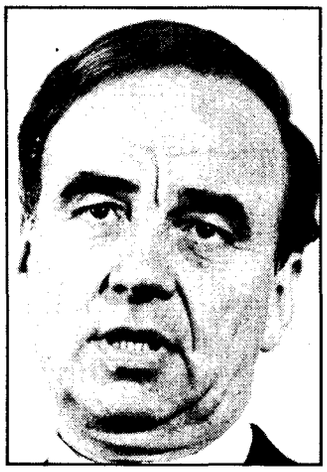
Name_____ Address_____

NS

Greenpeace, 36 Graham Street, London N1 8LL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman



Cover photo: Camera Press

Gotcha!
How Murdoch sank the print unions. SARAH BENTON and MARK HOLLINGSWORTH report 10

HOME

Hugh Stephenson: Life after Thatcher 9
Anon: Why the 'journos' went to Wapping 12
Clive Ponting: Thinking Labour's defence policy through 15

FOREIGN

Claudia Wright: Shuttle crash boosts space weapons propaganda 19
Abbas Seamgar: Iranian resistance 20
Shaila Sharma: Government cracks down on the Punjab 22

WEEKEND

Hilary Kingsley: The soapiate of the masses 25

BOOKS

Bernard Crick: The Holocaust 28
Sheila MacLeod: Fiction 29
Steven Rose: Ernst Chain 30
David Berry: Political magazines 30
Shorter reviews 31
Anne Smith: Waugh on women 32
Vicki Feaver: Poem 32

ARTS

John Coleman: Films 33
Stephanie Jordan: Dance collaborations 33
Andrew Clements: Changes afoot at BBC radio 34
Charles Fox: Records 34
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre 36

BACKCHAT

Hugo Williams: Television 36
Kate Hoey: Sports journalism 37
Naseem Khan: Work in progress visits Bookspace 38
Weekend competition 39
Salamanca 39

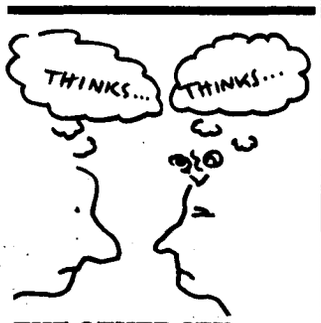
PLUS

Scrutiny 8
Mediawatch: John Ellis 17
Slump 17
Diary: Ian Williams 18
Roger Woddis 18
This England 22
Letters 23
John Minnion 23
James Goodman 43
Chess: George Botterill 43
Quiz 43

NEXT WEEK

GREENHAM
As the bitter weather sweeps Europe, JOAN SMITH goes among the Greenham women, to tell of their mounting problems

EETPU
A backlash against Hammond is building among his members, as they fear becoming pariahs of the trade union movement. MARK HOLLINGSWORTH will report



THE OTHER SEX
ROZ KAVENEY reviews two books about how men and women see one another

NEW WOMEN
Howard Barker's re-invention of Middleton's *Women Beware Women* opens at the Royal Court. BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE reports

New Statesman
Vol 111 No 2863 7 February 1986

MPs' powers crumble before their eyes

WHEN MICHAEL HESELTINE flounced out of the Cabinet there was considerable scepticism about his claim that grave constitutional issues were at stake. Yet the constitutional consequences of his resignation are continuing to send shock waves through Parliament as, week by week, its members are forced to recognise just how derisory their powers are. The consistent refusal by Leon Brittan last week to answer questions in the Defence Select Committee revealed that there is no recognised system of accountability for government, civil servants or a Prime Minister's private office which Parliament can enforce.

For a brief time last week, before the limits of the Defence Select Committee were again revealed, MPs from all parties hoped Parliament had come into its own. It was an illusion. The long-term drift of power into small cabals of Cabinet ministers, about which other Cabinet ministers usually have no knowledge, was sharply identified over 20 years ago by the late constitutional expert John Mackintosh, Professor of Politics and Labour MP. For all their rumblings this week, MPs themselves have allowed the vaunted rights of Parliament, of which they are supposedly the jealous guardians, to atrophy. To assert their, or our, right to know is to incur the disfavour of their party leaders, an anxiety shamefully brought home to us last year when they chose not to allow television into the House of Commons.

One of those supposed guardians is Norman St John Stevas who, as Leader of the House, proudly introduced a new system of select committees in 1979. It was, he proclaimed, 'the most important Parliamentary reform of the century'. In theory, the select committees are to ensure continuity from one government to the next, and to enshrine the right of overseeing the work of a department in Parliament. That right however is heavily circumscribed not only because it has no power to force Ministers to answer its questions but also because in much of the business of government the principle of democratic accountability is secondary to principles of commercial secrecy, national security or 'good government.'

And 'good government' is the catch-all phrase used in the 'Osmetherly rules', the 1980 Memorandum of Guidance for Officials Appearing Before Select Committees. It declares that information that is not 'in the interest of good government' may be witheld by civil servants summoned to give evidence to their departmental select committee. 'Good government', like 'national security' appears to be nothing more than the defence of the reputation of the party in power.

IF, AS HAS been brought home to us this last fortnight, Parliament can exert no check on, provide no balance against, unaccountable government, then, we have come to think, the media can. 'Governments are restrained not so much by Parliament or the Opposition', wrote John Mackintosh in 1962, 'as by their desire to keep in step with public opinion.' Constraint by the media may be effective on broad and public lines of party policy (although given the monopoly ownership of the press, the constraint is not even-handed.) It is almost wholly ineffectual in scrutinising the workings

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the right lines.

BR will soon be saving you that mad dash from one mainline rail terminus to another.

It will be extending some services straight through the heart of London.

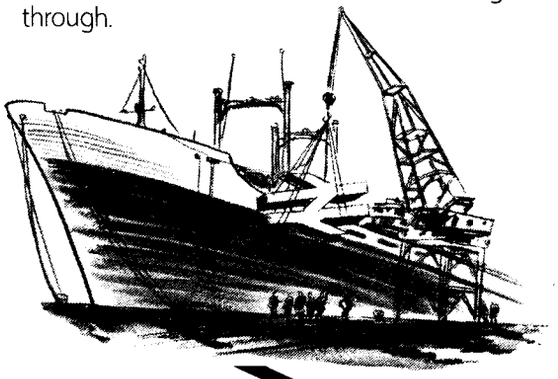
For a start, BR is re-opening Snow Hill tunnel between Farringdon and Blackfriars to link up London Midland and Southern regions.

This ½ mile-long link hasn't been used for passenger traffic since 1916. Orders have been placed for 46 new electric trains to operate the new service – when journeys direct from St. Albans to Sevenoaks, Croydon to King's Cross, and Luton to London Bridge will be possible.

BR exports its rail experience.

Britain opened the first passenger railway in the world in 1825. Now British Rail is exporting its unique knowledge to 28 countries through its wholly owned subsidiary, Transmark. We're advising on electrification, signalling, workshops, traffic control and lots more.

And we're very pleased to be taking part in the British Government's and EEC's aid programme to the Sudan, by helping to restore the 1,200 mile-long railway to famine-stricken Kordofan and Darfur – so that food can get through.



We're getting there.

of government, as the journalists interviewing Mrs Thatcher on Channel 4's *Face the Press* found on 26 January.

This is in part because journalists do not have the right to demand that Prime Ministers — or any Minister at all — answer their questions. But it is also because the media is itself embroiled in a system of 'confidential' government through the lobby system, because it has no protection against prosecution which a Freedom of Information Act would provide, and because most journalists have no encouragement from their employers to probe the secretive relationships between Ministers, civil and military servants, so-called 'private offices', and private business interests. □

Issues at stake in the Savage case

CHILD BIRTH is a risk. It is not possible for any doctor to give a guarantee that every woman and new born baby will survive the experience unscathed. But what every obstetrician, and every health authority, ought to be able to guarantee is that every woman has a choice of ways of giving birth. If she chooses a way that the doctor regards as being more risky then she still, after being warned of the risks, has the right to make that choice. It is in the end her peace of mind, her experience of childbirth, which the health authority should be protecting, not the obstetrician's.

It is this conflict which is at the heart of the case against Wendy Savage, the obstetrician who this week is being tried for malpractice by a tribunal set up by the Tower Hamlets district health authority. The conflict is not new to Tower Hamlets. In 1981 Professor Huntingford, consultant obstetrician at the same London Hospital which employs Wendy Savage, resigned because of it. He too was subject to the same pressure to concentrate on methods of childbirth dependent on high technology and major medical intervention.

The right of the woman to choose her method of childbirth undercuts the bastion of the medical profession — the paramouncy of 'clinical expertise'. It is in the name of clinical expertise that some hospital doctors maintain the right to the final decision on what treatment a patient should undergo, and the right to be judged only by fellow members of the medical profession. It is a right which Tower Hamlets health authority is asserting over and above the complaints of patients treated by Wendy Savage that their medical records are being used without their permission at the tribunal.

At the opening session, Mr Ian Kennedy QC, counsel for the authority, told the tribunal: 'There is no question of this patient or that saying they are not prepared to have the facts examined. They do not have the knowledge the profession has about whether this or that is right or wrong.' Yet of the five cases being used in evidence against Dr Savage, only one brought a complaint. At least one other is outraged that her experience should have been used this way, without her consent.

Most of the health authority's GPs, and many local community groups, have expressed their support for Dr Savage. They fear that if Dr Savage is forced out, the district will have abrogated any right to choose the forms of active childbirth which Dr Savage supported. Many family practitioners in addition fear that the weight of health spending is going towards high-technology hospital treatments, away from the more personal service they would like to offer if the resources and training were available to them.

The defence of patients' freedom to choose and of the confidentiality of their records, is as much a duty of the district health authority as is the defence of patients against possible clinical malpractice. So far, Tower Hamlets has chosen to spend £100,000 on the case against Dr Savage. It has paid scant attention to the local voices raised in protest. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOST PEOPLE WOULD BE POORER WITH A POLL TAX

LAST WEEK the government unveiled its plans for replacing domestic rates with a 'community charge' — in effect a poll tax. The plans were presented so that low income groups appeared to be better off under such a system. But, as PHILIP TRUSCOTT shows, this was sleight of hand: a close analysis reveals that the poor would lose out badly

THE GREEN PAPER predicted that a majority of households would gain if a poll tax replaced rates. It also showed that local tax bills would fall as a proportion of income for those households receiving less than £50 per week. However, unlike rates, the poll tax will not be levied on entire households; it will be a flat rate charge on those aged 18 or over.

If one analyses the gains and losses for individuals rather than households — using data from 13,500 people from the 1981 General Household Survey — then the picture given by the government changes dramatically. 55 per cent of adults would pay more if a poll tax replaced rates. For those receiving less than £50 per week, rates at present are 5.8 per cent of gross income. Under a poll tax this would rise to 11.7 per cent. The government stated that a system of rebates for poll tax would be considered later, so the analysis given here is based on a comparison of gross rates and poll taxes. The green paper included predictions of the effect of the rates and poll tax after rebates, but these assumed that the Fowler reviews had already come into force, and that the unemployed were already paying 20 per cent of their rates. Government predictions therefore compare a hypothetical poll tax (modified by an undefined rebate system) with a non-existent rate payment system.

Table 1 shows how different income groups will be affected: most significantly that those earning less than £100 per week will lose out in real terms. But this masks the extra costs that will be incurred by people in areas which will be subject to a high level of poll tax. Table 2 shows the local tax bills in a selection of areas under the existing rating system and a poll tax. Poll tax bills vary from £76.82 in Powys to £250.55 in London. The tax bills in some London boroughs would be exceptionally high. In Camden, for example, a poll tax would have to be £387.22 to maintain the borough's 1984-5 income. For a retired person who did not claim rebates this would be 20 per cent of annual income. For a student on the full maintenance grant it would be 19 per cent.

By basing its predictions on entire households, the green paper also disguised the substantial income loss which will occur *within* households. Heads of households will be the gainers. Some of their tax burden will be shifted to household members who do not pay rates at the moment. Many of these will be people who have little or no income of their own to pay the tax. After housewives, the next largest losses would be suffered by students (which Conservative MPs are said to be worried about).

Moreover, the centralisation of business rates could eventually lead to large local tax increases in traditionally Tory areas, which are rich in commercial rate income. Coupled with the fact that 55 per cent of people are likely to lose from the change, the green paper's proposals must be a cause of concern for many Tory MPs. The quickness of the hand can only deceive the eye for so long. ●

Philip Truscott works in the Stratification and Employment Group, University of Surrey.

It depends what you earn *(Table 1)*

Weekly Income	Average gain/loss	Poll tax as per cent of income	Rates as per cent of income
Under £50	−1.57	11.7	5.8
£50-£100	−0.17	4.3	4.1
£100-£150	0.39	2.5	2.8
£150-£200	1.69	1.8	2.8
£200-£250	3.05	1.4	2.8
£250-£300	4.33	1.1	2.7
£300-£350	5.82	0.9	2.7
£350-£400	6.61	0.8	2.6
£400-£500	7.63	0.7	2.4
over £500	8.79	0.4	1.5

Calculations are based on a sample of 13,590 adults from the 1981 General Household Survey. It has been assumed that rates are paid by the head of household (who is normally defined as the person responsible for housing costs). Income and rate payments have been scaled up to 1984-85 levels. Scotland has been excluded because its rateable values have been revalued since the survey was taken. The sample size is smaller that that used for the green paper's analysis. However the data about rate payments is more accurate because it is taken directly from the local authority rating offices. The green paper's analysis is based on the Family Expenditure Survey which collects the rates information from the householder directly, which involves memory errors and the problem of distinguishing rent from rates (rate payments for tenants are not included in the published tables from the Family Expenditure Survey because of the known inaccuracies).
Analysis: Philip Truscott

It depends where you live *(Table 2)*

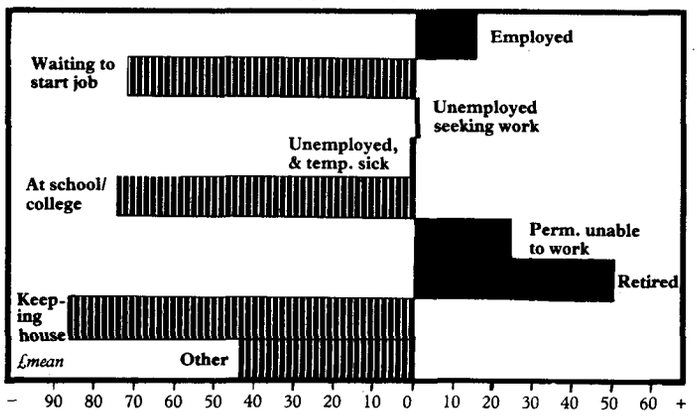
County	Poll tax bill per person	Per cent increase in bill for three adult household[1]	Local income tax rate needed to generate equivalent revenue[2]
London	£250.55 (highest)	42	5.8
Manchester	£159.73	37	7.5 (highest)
Merseyside	£181.58	33	5.8
South Yorks	£158.18	34	5.3
Tyne and Wear	£164.81	36	6.1
West Midlands	£149.31	32	4.6
West Yorks	£109.57	37	3.6
Avon	£160.98	30	5.0
Cambridgeshire	£141.43	32	4.9
Gwynedd	£104.33	52 (highest)	4.2
Hertfordshire	£188.17	29	4.5
Powys	£76.82 (lowest)	38	2.3 (lowest)
Wiltshire	£112.42	23 (lowest)	3.9

Source: CIPFA, General, Financial and Rating statistics 1984-85
[1] Estimates of increase based on the ratio between the average rate bills for three adult households and average rates nationally
[2] Inland Revenue survey of personal incomes 1981-2
Analysis: Philip Truscott

Report

It depends what you do

Average annual gain (+) or loss (−) if poll tax replaced rates



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Rechem takes in PCBs from Australia

RECHEM INTERNATIONAL, the controversial waste disposal firm, have confirmed that they will soon be importing highly toxic waste polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) from Western Australia for disposal at the company's plant at Pontypool in Gwent.

The plant has for many years been the centre of controversy about the alleged health threat posed by the burning of PCBs in Rechem's incinerator. If not burned at high enough temperatures, they give off deadly dioxin gas — though Rechem deny that this has ever happened.

Imports of PCBs stopped almost completely last year. The company say, through their PR agency, that this was to enable them to deal with the backlog from their now closed plant at Bonnybridge.

The Australian deal is only for 15 tonnes initially, but local people fear that more could follow. David Powell, a member of the local Stop Toxic Emissions Action Movement (STEAM), says: 'We know that there is far more than 15 tonnes of this stuff in Australia that they want to get rid of — so we think this must be the tip of the iceberg.'

Trained volunteers

The Western Australia State Energy Commission, which had originally considered building its own incinerator, says that PCBs will be removed from insulation in electrical substations by 'specially trained volunteers'. News of the Rechem deal only reached Wales when a local journalist received a newspaper cutting from a friend in Australia.

Late last year, Rechem's management bought the company from its parent company British Electric Traction, following sustained criticism from environmental groups. Rechem has fired off a series of libel writs against some of its opponents (*NS* 22 November 1985).

The company now faces a prosecution brought by the local council alleging breaches of pollution laws last year. The environmental health department claims that on at least two occasions last summer, 'odour' from the plant became 'objectionable', causing at least one person to vomit.

Local people are also concerned about three babies known to have been born in the area with relatively rare serious eye defects. (The cases are not connected with the prosecution.) Rechem hired an ophalmologist to 'independently investigate' the defects. He found no evidence to prove Rechem's guilt or innocence. He noted that one of the babies born with an eye missing had a relative who also had this handicap. What he didn't mention was that the man lost the eye in an accident.

Clare Hudson

COUNCILS' TRUST IN NUCLEAR INDUSTRY FALTERS

The nuclear industry is requested to tell us the truth *Tom Picton*

LOCAL COUNCILS are taking steps to set up independent monitoring of the nuclear industry because of falling public confidence in government reassurances of safety. SYLVIA COLLIER reports

AVON county council is inviting Somerset, Gloucestershire and Gwent to participate in a joint programme to monitor radiation from nuclear power stations in their counties. Avon and Somerset councillors who met the CEGB after the recent accidents which shut down the Hinckley reactors came away dissatisfied with the quality of information they were being given. According to Somerset county councillor Maggie Gilliam: 'The nuclear industry has its own perception of truth. They say they inform the public on a basis which it can understand. That is telling the public only what they want the public to know.'

In a separate move, Tory-controlled Newbury council last week discussed setting up its own environmental monitoring of radioactivity around the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston because of public concern generated in part by the Yorkshire Television programme *Inside Britain's Bomb*. The council is to ask the secretary of state for health for a public enquiry to establish whether or not 'it is safe to live and raise children' near the nuclear weapons plant. But the council is unlikely to set up its own monitoring scheme because of cost. The council's environmental services committee was told that it would also be difficult to find truly independent consultants to do the job, since many have at least some link with departments of central government.

False figures

Since the YTV programme, other alarming facts have come to light. The Ministry of Defence has admitted that for two years it issued false figures about the levels of radioactive tritium being discharged into the Thames from Aldermaston. In 1982 the discharge was 12 times higher than in the previous year. In 1983 the levels went down again. But until last year, the MoD figures for 1982 didn't show the increase.

The most recent tables correct what the MoD says was an 'error in calculation'. However, the Department of the Environment, which is supposed to monitor the figures, failed to notice the alteration. The reason for the much higher tritium discharge is an official secret which the MoD won't discuss, although tritium is believed to be used in plutonium grading during Aldermaston's bomb making process.

The MoD says that discharges from its weapons plants are well within 'international standards' and are only a fraction of the total 'agreed' with the DoE. But international standards are under attack for being too lax and the discharge total agreed with the DoE is being questioned within the department itself. ●

Badge wearers in peril

WEARING a badge and other innocuous activities could become criminal offences under the public order bill — now in committee in the Commons.

It's proposed that it should be an offence to use (even in private) words or behaviour which are threatening, abusive, insulting or (in the case of behaviour), disorderly, and which the person believes is likely to harass, alarm or distress another person. (When this was first suggested in the public order white paper, the alarm was to be 'substantial' — this has now been dropped.) If someone persists in this 'offensive conduct' after a warning by a police officer, they can be arrested.

This goes considerably further than the present 'breach of the peace' law, and is so general that it encompasses activity which may be anti-social but hardly seems criminal.

The use of words or behaviour includes, according to clause 8 of the bill, the distribution of leaflets, the display of any writings, badges, signs or 'other visible representation'. The badge rule is particularly ominous to lesbians and gays, for whom badges proclaim 'outness'. A similar provision in New Zealand has been used to charge youths saying 'oink oink' to a policeperson.

Jolyon Jenkins

Wendy Savage

Wendy Savage is liable for her legal costs — which could be as much as £100,000 — whether she wins her case or not. Contributions to the Wendy Savage Appeal Fund should be sent to: c/o Dr Smith, 20 Malford Grove, London E18 2DX.

Police can 'buy back' Cass report

THE EFFORTS of the Friends of Blair Peach to make public the now infamous Cass Report may still be thwarted, despite their victory this week in the Appeal Court.

On Tuesday three judges upheld a previous decision that Peach's friends and family should see the report by Inspector Cass into the policing of the Southall demonstration where Peach was killed by a member of the Special Patrol Group in 1979. The police have not taken it further in the courts; their last resort would be an appeal to the House of Lords, which would most likely uphold Tuesday's verdict.

However, a legal loophole may ensure that the report is never made public. The police now have 14 days in which they can make Peach's family an offer of money to settle without seeing the report. If their offer is deemed by the Law Society to be reasonable, then they are bound to accept it — or be faced with having to forfeit legal aid and pay all legal costs themselves, estimated in this instance to be around £20,000. Celia Stubbs, who was living with Peach when he was killed, said, 'We have been struggling for seven years to make sure that whoever killed Blair is brought to trial, but we could be forced to settle for money.' If the Cass Report is released, Peach's friends may use it to bring a civil action against the police officers involved.

What Tuesday's decision did establish, however, is a precedent for future cases. The judges dismissed the police's argument that the report should be kept secret because a complaint against the police was involved, which in normal circumstances is regarded as privileged information. If a death is involved, then the police will be obliged to make public any investigation report.

Jane Dibblin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Agencies protest at forced Ethiopian resettlement

FAMINE RELIEF agencies are increasingly concerned about the forced resettlement of 1½ million people in Ethiopia from the drought stricken provinces in the north to the wetter areas to the south and west.

Oxfam and Save the Children Fund came as near as they dared this week to criticising the left-wing Derg regime in Addis Ababa. 'After all, we want to go on working in Ethiopia,' said an official from one leading aid charity.

Last December the French agency, 'Medecines Sans Frontières' (Doctors without Frontiers) was forced to leave the country when it publicly attacked the resettlement programme. MSF alleged they were banned from giving medical assistance in areas marked for resettlement.

The death rates in the camps of people waiting for resettlement are comparable with the rates in the relief camps at the height of the famine,' said M. Michel Fiszbin recently. Fiszbin, a qualified doctor, was project director for MSF last year.

Oxfam admitted to the *New Statesman* that they have complained to the Ethiopian government about resettlement being rushed, about peasants being coerced and about people waiting to move being denied food. 'We do nothing to encourage resettlement because we are uncertain of its benefits,' said Oxfam.

Save the Children say there is room for limited resettlement but it must be accompanied by proper infrastructure and carried out in a human way. MSF claims that the death rate in the often swampy resettlement areas is as much as 20 per cent of settlers.

'You cannot leave people with their hands outstretched and feeding them by spoon for a generation,' said a representative of the Ethiopian regime in London. 'In order to show them the better way you have to coerce them, maybe.'

John Tanner

Duke and DHSS squabble over crumbling old hospital

THE DUKE of Westminster — the richest man in England — and the DHSS are wrangling over the sale of the former St George's hospital, Hyde Park Corner. One of London's most famous landmarks, and a grade II listed building, the fabric is visibly crumbling while the protagonists procrastinate.

The hospital, built in 1827 by the architect William Wilkins, was closed in 1980. By invoking a long-forgotten clause in the original 1907 agreement, the Duke was able to buy back from the DHSS the southern part of the site for the original sale price of £23,600, planning to build a new 200,000 square feet office block behind the building.

To do this he also needs to buy the northern part of the building as well. But negotiations have been extraordinarily protracted, and only after ministerial intervention was a price agreed at £6.1 million. On 31 May 1985, Westminster councillors were told that 'agreement will shortly be reached'. On 4 July, Kenneth Clarke (then health minister) told Michael Meacher that his civil servants were 'well advanced with work to contract an agreement'. By 23 August councillors were being assured that 'the matter will be completed within the next two or three weeks'. But by 15 November they were told simply that work on the agreement was 'well advanced'.

Camera Press

Gerald 'gissa hospital' Grosvenor

All the while the building is deteriorating, as the DHSS is unwilling to spend money on something it may soon not own. Almost a year ago, on 25 February 1985, the district surveyor told Westminster to deal with an immediate danger from loose and insecure masonry and render on one wing. Since then, that wing has been covered in black plastic sheeting and scaffolding. In December 1985 the council's director of planning said that 'the position concerning the buildings is disgraceful; they are suffering from vandalism, dereliction and decay.'

The Duke's plans for the site, which include turning the Wilkins building into a 160 stand exhibition centre, were due to be completed this year. Unless something is done soon to break the bureaucratic deadlock, they never will be.

Paul Dimoldenberg

MISCELLANY

Transparent ruses

Mr Tom Jones, the prospective Plymouth Tory candidate who claimed responsibility for getting our Christmas issue removed from local news stand (*NS* 10 January) — he said that our piece on the CIA manual was 'dangerous, possibly criminal' — is a very strange man indeed. Faced with the near impossibility of unseating David Owen (and there are whispers around that this is the only reason the Tories let him fight the seat), he resorts to bizarre PR stunts. For example, this Friday 7 February, he will be 'frightening' the Tory ladies' luncheon with copies of *Tribune, Militant, Socialist Worker, Socialist Revolution,* and *Labour Party Weekly* (sic), to 'show them the unacceptable face of the left-wing socialists who run the Labour Party today, as they have done for decades past.' But why no *NS*? Could it be that we — who have for so long kept him 'in touch with the activities of the loony left' — are the acceptable face of socialism? (Or was he frightened by the veiled hints in our previous story of legal action to come? The writs are still in preparation, Mr Jones.) Meanwhile, we'd love to hear of the ludicrous antics dreamed up by other no-hope parliamentary candidates.

Strange as fiction

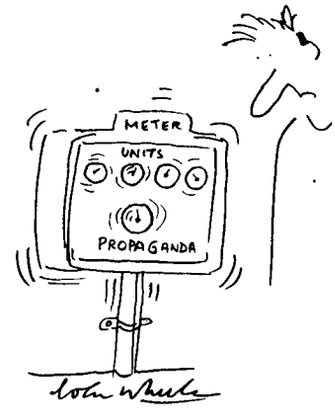
Life continues to mirror art. Not long ago there was a Radio 4 sci fi comedy by Douglas Adams, or someone very like him, which fantasised that government ministries could have officially appointed moles, whose job it was to leak secrets. (Like Bernard Ingham, only more so.) Now an enterprising company has brought out a book called MOLE — the businessman's guide to government, *whose aim appears to be to speed the process, and prevent that syndrome, well known to journalists, of 'I'll transfer you to our press office'. So if, for example, you want to get onto the person at the Department of Trade and Industry who deals with the financial services sector,* MOLE *tells you to phone RHS Wells on 01 215 3186 — or failing that, Mr Well's secretary. In fairness, we ought to point out that that piece of information is also available from the* Civil Service Yearbook, *which may be consulted free at most libraries.* MOLE *costs £37.50.*

Hot-headed youth

'Who do you think would make the best Prime Minister today?' a well known soft drink firm asked 400 'proportionately representative' teenagers. And here are the results in reverse order. Michael Heseltine, Roy Hattersley, Norman Tebbit and Denis Healey: 1 per cent each. Pop stars (collectively), TV personalities (ditto), Mum, Dad, and David Owen: 2 per cent. David Steel: 4 per cent. Bob Geldof and Neil Kinnock: 7 per cent. Margaret Thatcher: 18 per cent. But the winner by far was 'Don't know/wouldn't vote' which got 43 per cent. Just as interesting, and statistically even more meaningless, are the sexual/regional breakdowns: for example, David Owen got no support at all from girls, or from Scottish teenagers. Girls favoured Geldof (10 per cent) more than boys did (4 per cent). Mrs T was far more popular in the Midlands (24 per cent) than in Scotland (7 per cent). And whereas 3 per cent of girls favoured Dad for PM, no boys did.

Like no tomorrow

Do you need information about radioactive waste, nuclear radiation, or nuclear electricity? Then ring the Nuclear Electricity Information Group, said a £5000 ad in Monday's Guardian. *So we did — and were referred to Nuclear Presentations on*



01-634 5111. The person there told us to write to DIPA, 15 Newgate Street, London. The phone number and address both belong to the Central Electricity Generating Board. Why didn't they just print the CEGB's phone number in the paper, and save us the extra phone call? Maybe it's because the CEGB is getting embarrassed about the amount of money it's spending on propaganda recently. £200,000 has just been spent on a half-hour video about acid rain, when the normal cost for a 30 minute documentary is £60,000. And the film's a lemon too. Think about it the next time you get your electricity bill . . .

Stupid boy

The Attorney-General on why he decided Colette Bowe shouldn't be prosecuted: 'So far as the girl was concerned . . .' Girl? Ms Bowe is 39.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCRUTINY

Duncan Campbell and Patrick Forbes

AGREEMENTS REVEAL TERMS FOR US BASES

Classified agreements between Britain and the US, now published (apparently by mistake), show that Winston Churchill misled the House of Commons about the real costs of bringing the Americans to Britain — and reveal the agreed circumstances for US bases to be dismantled

SECRET agreements between Britain and the United States concerning land and facilities at US bases in Britain, have been opened to public scrutiny at the Public Record Office. They show that the cost of the bases to Britain was five times greater than the government admitted to the House of Commons at the time.

The documents just disclosed are the Anglo-American Cost-Sharing agreement, signed on 9 September 1953, and a standard 'General Conditions for Transfer' of RAF bases to the US, which was agreed early in 1954. Neither agreement makes any provision whatsoever for British control of US military activities, in peace or in war, save to note that 'peacetime flying by USAF aircraft' will be permitted.

Surprisingly, the Ministry of Defence believes that the agreements are still secret. Evidently unaware that copies are available at the Public Record Office, the Ministry's press department said on Tuesday that both the 1953 cost-sharing agreement, and an earlier 1950 'Ambassador's Agreement' were 'both still classified'. Section 51 of the Public Records Act, officials claimed, had allowed them not to release such 'documents dealing with matters of political or defence security'. The release of the document would have had to be negotiated with the US, they claimed.

MPs are to ask the Defence Ministry about the terms of the agreements, and why the Ministry should wish them kept secret. They also want to know why one section of the Ministry has published copies of documents other officials think are still secret.

Soon after the agreements were first prepared, in February 1954, Prime Minister Sir Winston Churchill was questioned by the late Tom Driberg MP about the cost of US bases. He told the House of Commons that Britain's financial contribution 'was limited to £22.5 million out of an estimated total expenditure of £125 million, spread over the years 1951 to 1955'. But the terms of the agreement show that Churchill's statement was at best confused – at worst a lie. The agreement says that Britain had to pay *both* amounts.

The agreement lists 'resources and facilities to be made available by Her Majesty's Government' as £30 million works services up to 1952, and £95 million over the following three years – a total of £125 million. The agreement then notes separately that Britain had also to provide £22.5 million worth of capital works services, as well as free land and the free or reduced-cost services by Ministry of Works officials.

Even before Churchill spoke, a US congressional committee had revealed that Britain was providing cash and facilities worth a total of $352 million (£124 million). At current prices, the real cost of these bases to Britain would be £1.2 billion.

The agreements also confirm that the British government is obliged to buy, and supply free of charge, any new land or facilities that US forces may require. Between 1972 and 1983, this provision alone cost Britain about £42 million.

Both the cost-sharing agreement (which was renewed in 1973) and the transfer document for each RAF base made over to the US do specify the terms on which US bases are to be closed down, and US forces evacuated from Britian. They say that the Americans can stay 'so long as, in the opinion of both [governments], the presence of such units in the United Kingdom is considered desirable in the interests of common defence'.

Thus, a future government of different political outlook is under no special binding agreement to retain US bases in Britain. But the agreements clearly imply that the day of dismantling US bases may be far into the future. The arrangement will 'terminate', according to the agreement, 'when, in the opinion of either government, collective security has been achieved in accordance with the principles set forth in the Charter of the United Nations'.

Officials this week refused to give the British government's definition of these terms. Although the words in the UN Charter are not explicit, they appear to refer to a situation when the UN itself can guarantee the 'prevention and removal of threats to peace'.

A British minister and the American Ambassador agreed in 1953 that it would be undesirable to have a formal US-UK treaty on the bases which would necessitate disclosing some details to Parliament and the public. 'Her Majesty's Government see no need for the terms of the understanding to be embodied in a formal agreement', wrote George Ward, Air Ministry Under Secretary in Churchill's government. ●

Camera Press

Mrs T's role model (in Washington 1952): either confused or lying

Greenham spies: more bluster

***Janes' Defence Weekly*, the magazine which two weeks ago published a lurid account of alleged infiltration of the Greenham Common women's peace camp by specially trained Soviet Spetsnaz special forces, is now struggling to maintain its credibility. The article, which caused equal amusement inside the Pentagon, Kremlin, and British defence ministries, was the unsubstantiated work of a freewheeling Israeli journalist, Yossef Bodansky, who has himself come under suspicion of involvement in a spy ring against the United States.**

After we reported (24 January) on Bodansky's murky background, Bruce Kent of CND asked *Janes'* to withdraw the charges about Greenham Common peace camp. *Janes'* editor Derek Wood refused, claiming that both the US State Department and the Pentagon 'categorically refute the allegations made in the *New Statesman* concerning Mr Bodansky'.

They don't. State Department spokesperson Deborah Cavin said this week that nothing official was ever said on the subject of the *NS* report by the State Department. She was certain there is nothing to substantiate *Janes'* claim. Pentagon Public Affairs spokesperson Lieut. Colonel Williams also said that they 'can't comment on it. We don't discuss security or intelligence matters'. So we asked *Janes'* to produce some written evidence of the 'categoric' rebuttal. They couldn't. Who in the Pentagon or State Department had refuted our report? *Janes'* spokesperson declined to answer. Meanwhile, Mr Wood — whose detailed response had previously been promised for Tuesday — was 'away'. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let us now think about life after Thatcher

HUGH STEPHENSON

WHEN NEVILLE Chamberlain felt he had to do the decent thing and resign as Prime Minister in May, 1940, it was not because he lost a vote of confidence in the House of Commons. It was because the quality of the vote of confidence he got was so unconvincing that it was clear that he had in fact lost the confidence of his party and of the public — a fact underlined when a Tory grandee, Leo Amory, said: 'You have sat too long for any good you have been doing. Depart I say and, let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!'

If Tory history is repeating itself now, it is repeating itself more as farce than as tragedy. And, in any case, there are many differences between Chamberlain post-Narvik and Thatcher post-Westland. There is no Churchill in the wings. We are not at war. Sir Anthony Meyer MP (the first Tory to hint in public that her time is up) is not Leo Amory. Tory leaders are are no longer made and unmade by the grandees off stage, but are elected.

But after the Westland Affair the Prime Minister has clearly lost the confidence of her party and of the public. The formal vote that Mrs Thatcher won at the end of the Westland debate on 27 January could not conceal the scales of admiration and respect falling from the eyes of her former supporters. The image of Thatcherism as one of resolution and plain speaking is gone forever. The picture that continues to dribble out is one of tawdry incompetence.

The political consequence of this is that, for the first time since 1983, the realisation has dawned that the Tories under Thatcher could very well lose the next election for themselves.

This may seem a vindication of the Kinnock electoral strategy for the Labour Party since he became leader two and a half years ago — take no risks, try to play as steady a defensive game as possible, cut out the own goals and wait for the other side to foul up. It is not a strategy that has appealed to the activists in the Labour Party, but it has made tactical sense.

With Westland, though, the situation has now moved on. Neil Kinnock has restored Labour to a position where its front bench in almost every department looks and sounds a good deal more convincing that the rattled band of puppets that the Prime Minister has left herself with. The party is again firmly established in a more respectable position in the opinion polls.

It is once again realistic to think of there being a Labour Prime Minister next time, even if the odds are still very much against Labour winning with a workable overall majority. Most people — even real Labour optimists and probably even Neil Kinnock — find themselves thinking about the situation that would face Labour as a government with a small majority facing the need for a second election fairly soon; or as a minority government; or even as the senior partner in an anti-Thatcher coalition.

IN ANY of these circumstances, as seems to be usual for an incoming Labour government, the economic situation will be absolutely critical and an almost overwhelming constraint. There is a tendency amongst those on the Left who think at all about future economic policy to think unrealistically of the United Kingdom as if it was essentially a closed economy. The great stress currently being placed by Labour on the key role to be played by the reintroduction of exchange controls is part of this tendency.

Certainly an incoming Labour government should move closer to what is done formally and informally, say, in France, Italy, the United States and Japan to keep down the level of import penetration — though even there they would have to overcome substantial free trade resistance from within the system. And certainly it could stop and reverse the closing down sale of British industrial assets to foreigners that this government has been conducting.

But the reality is that British industry and British banking are an integrated part of the economic system of the industrialised world. That means in particular that the scope of autonomous influence on things like the exchange rate, interest rates and capital flows is quite limited. It also means that the scope for boosting a British economy and for reducing unemployment substantially and rapidly is equally quite limited.

Much the same applies to industrial policy. It is now beyond question that a major weakness of the British economy is that fact that we have a banking system that has no *long-term* involvement with and commitment to industry and that our tax system forces savings to be channelled into financial institutions, like pension funds, for which the performance of industrial investments is measured and judged in months, rather than years — let alone the decades that the national interest requires.

There is, therefore, an essential requirement for a National Investment Bank of the kind that Labour is proposing. But again notes of realistic caution need to be sounded. One is that, beyond agreement that it should be set up and some pretty whacky ideas as to how it would be financed, very little thought seems to have taken place on what a Labour NIB would actually do. Providing generalised cheap credit to industry would undoubtedly be useful, but that could just as well be done by government through the existing banking system.

From some of what has been said there is a real danger that the proposed NIB would end up functioning mainly as another source of support for small business — which for all its moaning has already become a remarkably pampered sector. The real gap that needs filling is for long-term and committed finance for significant industrial projects which stand a chance of being the growth points of the economy in the next century, but which at present do not get off the ground, or have to look for foreign finance, because their time horizons are longer than those of British banks and British financial institutions.

The second caution follows from this fact. It is that the reconstruction of British industry and the British economy will not show quick results. It should be attempted. It must be attempted. But it is not a programme for a single Parliament, but for decades. It is certainly not a programme that is going to deliver the goods for a Labour Prime Minister whose overriding political concern will be how best to organise things in order to win a second snap election in one year or two.

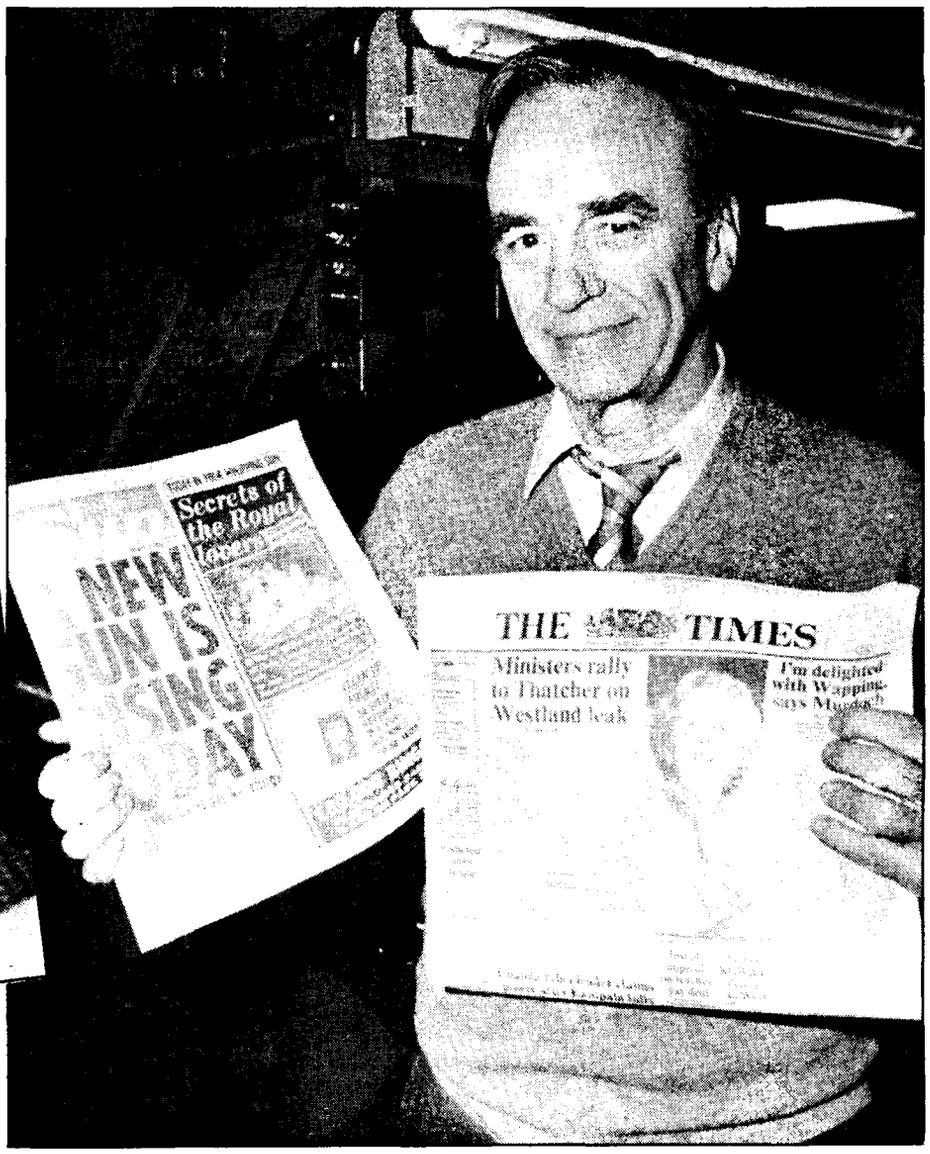
SO, IF Neil Kinnock is to have a real chance of avoiding the 'Mitterrand syndrome' of disappointed expectations, it is essential that Labour's programme should contain strong elements of a non-economic, non-industrial kind that could be presented to the electorate as the reason why it should give the party a proper full mandate at a second election. Such policies are not difficult to list — reform of the judicial system, splitting the Home Office into a Ministry of Justice and a Ministry of the Interior, advances towards industrial democracy in the workplace, new regulations covering the foreign ownership of British industry and media, reform of the education system, repeal of the Official Secrets Act and the introduction of a Freedom of Information Act, a proper Data Protection Act.

The potential list is endless. The things on it have the character that they are potentially radical, cost little money and can achieve results in months rather than years. That is the sort of programme that is both anti-Thatcher and could win Labour growing support through two close elections. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PLOT CONCEIVED AND PLANNED SIX YEARS AGO

SARAH BENTON and MARK HOLLINGSWORTH detail the bad faith, the union-busters brought in as 'consultants' and the role of the electricians' union



PA

Christopher Pole-Carew (above) peers down from Fortress Evening Post, where he kept the paper going through the 1979 journalists' strike. Right: Rupert Murdoch with the first Wapping issues

TWO CHORUSES ARE now commenting on Murdoch's dramatic sweep into Wapping — or Tower Hamlets as he prefers his staff to call the place for fear of the very puns which have now named it forever. The first chorus is made up of the officials of the three main newspaper unions, as well as quite a few managers of his four newspapers and his holding company News International itself. It goes: 'Now I see that he'd planned it this way all along: he never intended the negotiations to succeed'. Or, in the forthright words of Bill Miles, SOGAT 82's newspaper official, 'I was the victim of a conspiracy.'

The second chorus is made up of the clipped voices of those who have helped get the highly clandestine operation going. It goes: 'No comment, I refuse to discuss this with you', and, in the case of one Wapping worker, a threatening 'If you ring me back I'll get the police onto you.' One TV crew trying to film a coachload of Southampton workers going to Wapping were attacked and had their car tyres slashed. It's an odd attitude to adopt for those who claim that they are intent on consolidating the freedom of the press.

Secrecy and deception are the hallmarks of Murdoch's radical severance of the Fleet Street cord. Since 1980 he had planned to shift production of the *Sun* and *News of the World* to new printing plants at Kinning Park in Scotland and in London's docklands.

Negotiations began first in Scotland six years ago where SOGAT organises most of the jobs that the NGA does in London, and where Murdoch was particularly anxious to make inroads into the circulation of the Mirror group's *Daily Record*. Negotiations, led by Bert Hardie under the direction of Bruce Matthews, now managing director, got nowhere. From that point on it is believed that Murdoch was ready to contemplate production without the print unions, and ready to sidestep his British management if they couldn't produce a solution for him.

When, three years ago, he wanted to know if he could produce his papers without print unions, he was told that he could — except for distribution. It is distribution which continues to be the weak point in his operation. Murdoch's frequent claims that his company worked strenuously for six years to negotiate an agreement with the newspaper unions for Wapping are misleading. There were negotiations in 1983, which Bill O'Neill, the labour relations executive for News Group in America, headed, before he flew off again

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leaving nothing decided. Records of the negotiations show that neither O'Neill, nor the chapels with whom he was directly negotiating, were prepared to shift.

Proposed staffing levels were drawn up by the company, based on best international standards rather than on what reductions might realistically be achieved in the existing workforce. The unions thought O'Neill's demands outrageous. 'Your initial overtures are to be likened to the back street abortionist who not very skilfully performs his operation, removes what he thinks he should, and isn't particularly worried about the survival of the patient' wrote NGA officer Tony Isaacs, also outrageously, to O'Neill in June 1983.

There was no attempt by management to re-open negotiations with the print unions until September 1984. By that time, agreement on installing new equipment at Wapping had been reached with the service chapels (electricians and engineers) and technical director Ray Hoskings began commissioning the plant and equipment. Bruce Matthews invited the unions to return to negotiations, and this time News International fielded a home team. They were told they could start afresh, this time going for a staff reduction of between 24 per cent for the machines, and 29 per cent for the rest.

By this time, Murdoch had owned *The Times* and *Sunday Times* for over two years, but the unions believed the two new plants were only for printing the *News of the World* and the *Sun*. O'Neill had told them in 1983 he knew of no plans to start an evening paper. Negotiation continued until February 1985. The union side was weakened by rivalry between SOGAT and NGA, and SOGAT again saw no reason why it should shift its position. 'Apart from increasing our workload and the company profit, we can see no reason why we should change what we considered at the time to be fair and realistic suggestions' wrote *Sun* SOGAT official Ray James to Bruce Matthews in December 1984. Retrospectively, it was a suicidally short-sighted position. Retrospectively, it seemed odd that Murdoch's negotiators were not being pressed or authorised by the company executives to use any of the special 'levers' which a negotiator customarily has up his sleeve when determined to get a settlement.

NONETHELESS, some progress was being made. In January 1985, Tony Isaacs wrote to the company: 'It is with pleasure that I can advise you that my Chapel at its meeting today accepted in principle management's proposals that embrace the Tower Hamlets plant.' There were, he added, still a few minor points to be worked out, but he looked forward to 'a speedy meeting for the resolution of those points.'

Talks stopped abruptly and with no warning in February. In March 1985, a worried Ted Chard — the SOGAT official who was regarded by the management as the most obdurate of them all — wrote to Bruce Matthews that he had heard that all negotiations to move to Tower Hamlets had been suspended and the company was now 'concentrating its efforts on the launching of a new newspaper.' The union had received no official notification of this.

It is again with retrospective wisdom that those involved on both sides of the talks believe that the talks were ended by management *because* the possibility of an agreement was drawing nearer. For News International, the value of withdrawing from the negotiations behind the veil of a new London evening paper was that work on the Wapping site could visibly go ahead but, as a wholly new operation, none of the unions had an exisiting workforce to defend.

Although starting an evening paper on the Wapping presses would make good economic sense, and might still happen, it is clear that all the company's statements between March and December last year that all it was doing was setting up the London *Post* were a smokescreen. As Murdoch told the *Sunday Times* a few weeks ago: 'This whole plan was conceived, planned and begun before the *Times* and the *Sunday Times* joined our group.'

The printing capacity at Wapping may have been planned only for the *News of the World* and the *Sun*. Clearly the equipment and software for the direct input typesetting were designed for at least the four titles of Murdoch's newspapers. ATEX, the American company which designed the software, was working on it at least a year ago, though ATEX is part of that chorus which has been enjoined to secrecy (and has this written into its contract with News International).

The man who was brought in as 'technology consultant' for the whole operation was Christopher Pole-Carew, the one-time director of the *Nottingham Evening Post* who shot to notoriety in the 1970s with his then unique method of installing new technology over the heads of the unions. Other newspaper owners turned to him for advice. In 1980, the *New Statesman* reported notes of a talk he had given to Portsmouth and Sunderland Newspapers in 1979. These included the need for vetting new staff, rootling out any 'security risks' in the first three months, and breaking strike loyalty:

> If you are going to fight a battle you have to have loyal troops. We bribed people to stay in during the strike . . . Money is a weapon — a very potent weapon — and it should be used.

Not, however, BUPA membership as well in those days.

Within a few weeks of his talk, another document was circulating round Portsmouth and Sunderland head office on 'producing a newspaper against union opposition.' It concentrated on how to acquire a semi-skilled non-union labour force to be trained to operate the new machinery.

Pole-Carew gave up all his directorships, except for Morgan Communications and the recently established Computer Print Consultants, in January 1985. The detailed push to set up the crucial next stages in the transfer to the new plants started last May and June, with results that became apparent by August. Amongst other manifestations were the granting of planning permission to TNT, the transport company which is now distributing Murdoch's papers, to expand a number of their depots round Britain.

For example, on 24 August, permission was announced for an increase of 30 lorries in two South West depots. TNT's expansion for Murdoch's titles, known as 'Project 800', was classified as Top Secret inside the company.

ALSO IN AUGUST, the unions finally began to suspect something was going on. The Wapping site had an influx of electricians who aroused suspicion because they came not from London but Southampton. SOGAT and the NGA approached Bruce Matthews for talks — and were told by him in September that he wasn't in charge, but Pole-Carew was. SOGAT national newspaper official Bill Miles therefore rang Pole-Carew, only to be told that no, he reported only to Rupert Murdoch, Matthews was the man. Back again in Matthew's office, Miles pressed Matthews to confirm that Pole-Carew was in charge, and again rang Pole-Carew, this time with Matthews present. To the astonishment of the union officials, Matthews and Pole-Carew then argued over the telephone over who was in theory, if not in practice, in charge of Wapping.

From the unions' point of view, it did not matter much what they decided. Pole-Carew was not going to negotiate with them. Instead, they found themselves in October back with Bill O'Neill. This time they were more ready to make concessions, recognising the speed at which things were moving. It was at this point, on 1 November, that O'Neill presented them with the document demanding legally binding agreements and no-strike clauses which, they say, he knew they would not accept. In the event, six weeks later, in January 1986, Tony Dubbins, general secretary of the NGA, and Brenda Dean, general secretary of SOGAT, did offer concessions on all the major points. It was not six weeks too late, but six years.

It is however on the heads of EETPU leaders Eric Hammond and Tom Rice that the weight of the unions' rage about duplicity is now falling. The facade behind which EETPU officials were used as recruiting agents for the Glasgow and Wapping plants was secretive and elaborate. According to members of Hythe EETPU branch, Southampton area organiser Mick Scanlon told them he had been approached last July to recruit 140 craftsmen by an agency called Technical Employment Consultants.

Whoever first contacted Scanlon, the agent he went on to deal with was Charles Paterson who runs a recruitment agency from a partitioned room on the fourth floor of a rambling office block in South London called Southbank House. Paterson provided Scanlon with the application forms. No official announcement was made by Southampton EETPU, which keeps a register of unemployed members, that work was available. Instead, members heard rumours.

Bert Brown, an EETPU shop steward at Vospers shipyard, phoned Scanlon to find out what was happening the first week of September. Scanlon's secretary, Mrs Seaman, told him 'We don't want people making waves about this.' On 19 September, the Southampton EETPU branch passed a resolution requesting that the administration of the unemployed list be investigated. Apart from the Wapping work given to Scanlon's three sons, Neil, Paul and Bill, others who got work via the EETPU were, according to an EETPU member at the Fawley oil refinery in Southampton, 'labourers, pipefitters, boilermakers, railway workers and even bar staff. We don't like what's going on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

because it's making a mockery of our union.'

THE SAME DISQUIET is expressed by Ginger Pearse, president of the Southampton branch EETPU. He walked into the area office one afternoon in August and asked some men lining up there what they were doing. They said they had come for an interview for the press job in London. The secretary then 'put her finger to her lips and intimated to them to keep quiet. After that, they wouldn't tell me anything.'

On 30 September, a number of men who had had a first interview with Scanlon were lining up in Southbank House to be vetted again. Scanlon was present. (Charles Paterson had booked rooms for interviewing several times in that period.) On the same day, in the Inn on the Park, Tom Rice, the EETPU's newspaper national official, was in a meeting with Murdoch and SOGAT and NGA officials. He denied that allegations of EETPU recruitment were true. He however told them that his union executive had decided no further recruitment would take place via the Southampton branch. Recruitment continued right through till this year (an applicant to the Southampton office was sent an application form on 7 January).

For Scotland's Kinning Park, Paterson made direct contact with Pat O'Hanlon, another EETPU area official, and again sent him the required forms. Again O'Hanlon was present at second interviews with applicants, held last November. According to Jimmy Hay, an AUEW member who went for a job, it was not until the second interview at Kinning Park — which O'Hanlon participated in — that he was told the job was on Murdoch's newspapers. He was astonished.

Andrew Harvie, the director of News Scotland responsible for the Scottish operation, strongly denies that he is involved in any union-busting operation. Yet Magnathena, the company which sent out the letters of engagement to new staff for Kinning Park, was only set up in May 1985, its only two directors are inactive, and its given telephone number leads straight into Andrew Harvie's office. This, he explains, is 'a mistake.'

The last stage of this carefully planned operation was to ensure that News International didn't have to pay redundancy pay to the 5000 Fleet Street workers that Murdoch was determined never to see again. The law came to his aid in the form of solicitor Geoffrey Richards of Farrer and Co. Richards is named as a consultant on an October staff list brought out of Wapping and he was present at a meeting of the EETPU Fleet Street branch on 17 December. He informed Bruce Matthews on 20 December that 'if a moment came when it was necessary to dispense with the present workforces at TNL and NGN the cheapest way of doing so would be to dismiss employees while participating in a strike or other industrial action.'

In a letter reproduced in the *Morning Star*, he goes on to give three pages of advice on all the tremendous advantages of sacking people on strike. One month later, the unions unwittingly walked into the trap. □

New Statesman Binders

Keep your copies of the *NS* in good condition with a binder. It holds a half-year's copies and costs £4.50 (£8.50 for two). Send order with remittance to **New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.**

HUMILIATED 'JOURNOS'

CHAPELS ROOFLESS UNDER THE STORM

Why has there been no 'solid' voice from journalists on Murdoch's flagship papers? As the NUJ declares an official dispute with News International, a *Times* journalist, necessarily anonymous, describes the failure to meet Wapping with 'driving clarity about objectives'

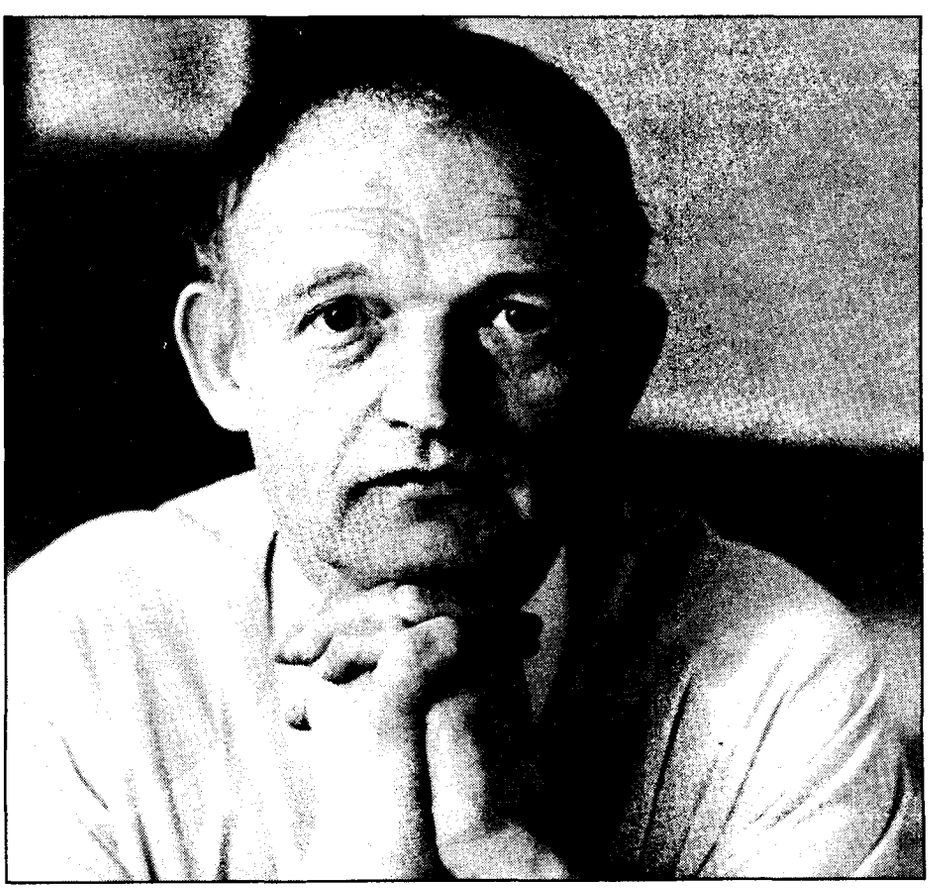
The printers on The Times, Sun, Sunday Times *and* News of the World *announced their strike at 7 pm on Friday 24 January.*

WE WERE CALLED into a room at *The Times*'s Grays Inn Road offices at about 8 pm. The editor, Charles Wilson, stood on a table, legs perceptibly shaking: 'We've lost tonight's edition but we don't intend to lose any more. As of Sunday the place of work for *Times* journalists is Tower Hamlets . . . you can refuse to work at Wapping and lose your jobs and the years you've invested in *The Times*. Or you can come to Tower Hamlets'.

The speech and the questions which followed lasted almost an hour. Journalists regrouped into a 'chapel' (union) meeting. We had just been mugged. Were we going to hand over what they wanted, or put up a fight? Mugging is surely the word. Since that evening *Times* journalists have been walking around in a daze as if trying to recollect details of an incident to report to the police.

Already by Friday evening journalists had begun to realise that there were friendly printers, familiar faces at the process department, library, accounts, they might never see again. They rushed around to say goodbye, have one last drink or chat. People hunted for bags and boxes to pack away their personal belongings, leaving through the one exit kept open by police, who had already removed all cars parked nearby, apparently ready to remove by force any print-workers who might refuse to leave the building. The heavy police presence hit a nerve. 'Who do they think we are?' a compositor said, shocked.

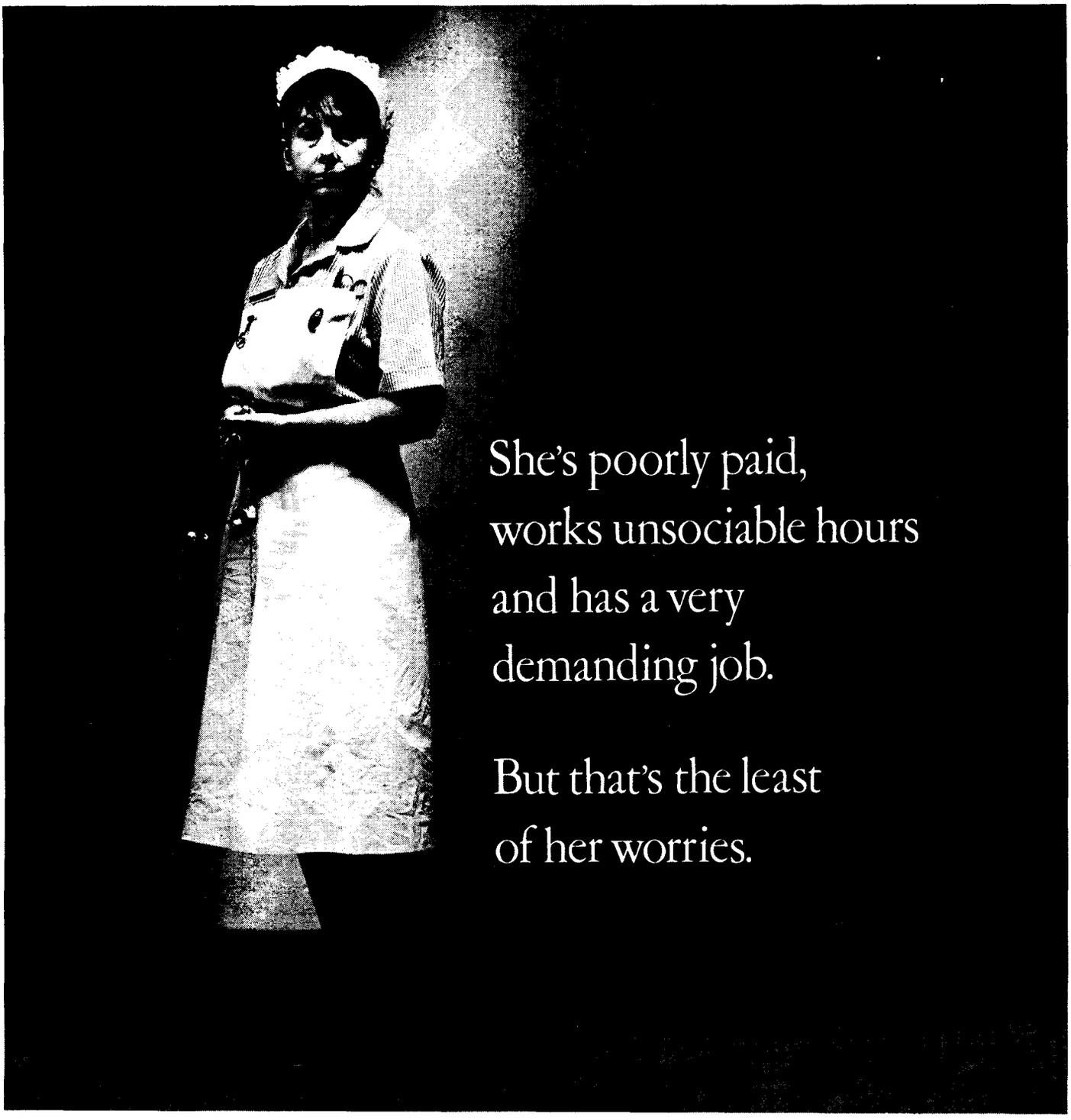
The surprising thing is that the journalists should have been surprised. For months there'd been jokes about the changes in store. 'Wapping' had entered the lexicon of office jokes: senior editors who disappeared from the duty rota with mysterious illnesses were



Camera Press

***Times* editor Charles Wilson . . . perceptibly shaking**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Nursing has always, understandably, been considered a vocation. Britain's nurses aren't in it for the money.

This advertisement is not a plea for better working conditions or higher pay (though they're high priorities too).

Nurses understand better than anyone that the resources of the National Health Service should be put to the best possible use. To provide the highest standard of patient care.

Which is why we listened to the Griffiths Report's recommendations for improving NHS efficiency.

WHAT'S GOING WRONG?

But there is a widening gulf between Griffiths in principle and Griffiths in practice.

More and more Health Authorities are appointing managers from the business world to run hospitals and clinics.

Their managers are naturally concerned with cost-effectiveness.

The problems start when the same health authorities decide that there is no need for a nursing presence at managerial level.

The very people who are most experienced in providing patient care are no longer involved in deciding how best to provide it.

NATIONAL HEALTH? OR NATIONAL WEALTH?

Decisions are increasingly taken to save money. We believe the situation is now intolerable and, if unchecked, will get even worse.

We want the NHS to appoint a director of nursing in every hospital, clinic and health unit.

A director with the experience to take the humane view. And the power to take effective decisions.

We're happy for an administrator to look after the pennies. But it's the nurses job to look after the patients.

If you think we've got a fair point, please add your name to our petition by sending us the coupon. And, if you're as worried as we are, please write to your MP now (the address is the House of Commons, Westminster, London SW1).

NSTC

I agree. Nursing should be run by nurses.

Name .....

Address .....

ROYAL COLLEGE OF NURSING

Please send to the Royal College of Nursing Petition, 20 Cavendish Square, London W1M 0AB.

WE CARE FOR NURSES, SO THEY CAN CARE FOR YOU.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diagnosed as having 'Wapping cough'. We were thinking small, while Murdoch was laying plans for the biggest and swiftest industrial upheaval perhaps ever seen in newspapers. Journalists hadn't gone out of their way looking for trouble — content to wait till the print unions reached agreement with News International. In their turn, the printers had conceded the principle that journalists would in the future feed copy directly into the computer system. Now we were production workers. And there was no longer another bigger union to take the brunt.

The NUJ, fearful of being ostracised by the TUC, promised more than it could deliver: that its members wouldn't talk about Wapping, go to Wapping, or even *think* about Wapping until agreement was reached with the print unions. Both Murdoch and the NUJ seemed to feel they could take the journalists for granted.

Journalists feel cool about the print unions. We all remember the hard times given to us on the composing room floor. Most people still feel keenly that if it hadn't been for the print unions' behaviour, we would never have ended up with Murdoch as proprietor in the first place.

But we also knew what it's like to negotiate with a management that promises something one day and forgets it the next. We knew the print unions had finally offered concessions: if Murdoch had wanted to, an agreement could have been reached. What shocked was, as the *Mirror* put it, not that Murdoch stopped the gravy train, but that he 'went on to kill the passengers and crew'. Here we were being asked to take sides: print unions or Murdoch. No one had the heart to do either. As Bill Johnstone, one of our deputy Fathers of Chapel (FoC), put it: 'We're the meat in the sandwich.' Middle-class wimps is the description favoured inside Congress House.

Saturday 25 January saw an emergency NUJ chapel meeting, called at the Royal National Hotel in Bloomsbury. Nearly 10 hours of discussion and debate, lasting until midnight, failed to result in a clear decision either to go to Wapping or 'work normally' at the Grays Inn Road office. Several of those hours were spent culling definitive legal advice from a QC to discover whether we could refuse to go to Wapping, or sue for unfair dismissal if anyone was sacked. The answer — no to the first, yes to the second — would have provided a useful bargaining tool. But it came too late in the day. Many people asked why the national union had failed to take such advice earlier. Could it have been because a useful bargaining tool would have raised the question, uncomfortable for the union, of whether negotiations should be taking place at all?

THE MEDIA have focused (so far as they have attended to the journalists at all) on the £2,000 pay-rise and free BUPA medical insurance offered journalists as bait, and on Sunday's *Times* NUJ chapel meeting, which finally voted by a large majority to accept the management's offer. But the offers were considered derisory, of secondary importance in all our discussions.

Saturday's Bloomsbury voting was a better reflection of the bitterness and confusion that existed in the chapel. A vote was taken on whether or not to defy management with the aim of negotiating better terms for an eventual move to Wapping. We had just been told by Harry Conroy, NUJ general secretary, that if it was passed we would be defying our union as well as Murdoch.

The Saturday vote was 58 for defiant negotiations and 59 against. Only a small number of *Times* journalists were against taking risks at all. The rest were largely prepared to join the 58 and make a real stand, but were torn by divided loyalties — obey the union, or screw Murdoch for whatever could be got.

Once the 'tough negotiations' position, and then the total *'refusenik'* position, fell, we were left exhausted at the end of Saturday with a resolution which put us in the worst possible position: a promise to management to go to Wapping on condition that some demands were met. When this was passed, many journalists thought they'd voted to go to Wapping the next day. But it was then agreed to suspend our mandatory NUJ meeting until Sunday evening while the 'demands' were followed up with management, which meant *nobody* going to Wapping that day.

NUJ general secretary Conroy and others have accused the *Times* NUJ chapel of 'bottling out', but the chain of events made this almost inevitable. It is true people were probably too fearful. We demanded another day, and no one was sacked. In retrospect it is also clear our absence would have caused serious problems given the rest of the chaos that ruled. Experienced journalists able to produce a quality daily paper don't come by the busfull, and even a short disruption by journalists would have put us on a stronger footing.

Fears, however, could only have been overcome by a chapel with driving clarity about its objectives, and that was completely lacking. People were upset enough about the way they were being treated to back action. But — action for what? *For better terms?* Against NUJ policy. *To spite Murdoch?* Tempting, but for those who hadn't already decided they didn't want to work for him anymore, not necessarily enough to put a job at risk. *To support the print unions?* They had dug their own graves and, rightly or wrongly, success for them looked remote. It was felt that theirs was not our fight.

A senior reporter spoke for many: 'Charlie Wilson is terrified we won't go in. But is Murdoch? I don't believe it. Whether the NUJ says we can talk about Wapping or not, we have to talk about it. Murdoch's got all the best cards. We have to use the cards we can. Standards at *The Times* are going . . . we (journalists) are becoming replaceable.' This was the Murdoch mystique: the man you could never beat. He was determined to smash the print unions, and if we joined them, he could smash us too. New technology was inevitable, people felt, Murdoch immovable. The combination was powerful.

THE DIVISIONS of Saturday were heightened on Sunday 26 January when it became clear that many people had reported to Wapping — though many of us stuck to the decision to stay away, as mandated.

All afternoon the chapel committee engaged in un-negotiations with management which weren't meant to be taking place, in order to come back to the adjourned evening meeting with something in our hands. We got some improvements, but it was still a 'deal' to which we'd never have agreed under normal circumstances. Fear of a drift back to work fed the feeling that if we couldn't all stay out, we should all go in — together.

The FoC and others made a last effort to rally people into defiance, to refuse to be rushed into such a crucial decision. Let us ask the TUC to allow us to negotiate, and in the meantime, let News International stew. If we gave in, we could be threatened with the sack for anything. But almost everyone, nerves stretched by the long weekend of fruitless debate, wanted to make a decision once and for all. 'I was ready to strike, to do anything', a colleague told me, 'but I can't take any more of this.' Sunday ended with tears, embraces with departing colleagues, the resignation of admired chapel officers.

People weren't prepared for the dramatic way that coming into Wapping on Monday morning turned everything into black and white. We weren't going to fight the printers' battle, but one trip there made it clear that, no matter how long we took to reach our tortured decision, we were fighting Murdoch's instead. Our peace of mind has been shattered. 'Like a death in the family, it's the first thing I think of when I wake up, and hardly an hour goes by when I don't wonder if I made the right decision,' said one journalist. 'We made a rational choice in imperfect circumstances. This will no longer be the paper we voted to stay with: with a bully you don't reason why you should defy him, you simply do.'

Life is not all doom and gloom. There is inevitable excitement at the change in our work practices, people are pleased to see each other again, especially after a weekend of such intensity. The first Wapping meeting of the reconstituted chapel was enthusiastic. There's a strong feeling that people are damned if Murdoch gets rid of all his union-minded staff. Old snobberies may be overcome in efforts to establish a federated chapel with other papers on the site.

If journalists are the meat in the sandwich, a bigger bite is being taken every day. Although the print unions don't expect Harry Conroy to deliver, pressure will still be put on the NUJ to discipline the Murdoch chapel. But most journalists outside Murdoch's News International, aware that here is a problem every paper will soon face, aren't too quick to condemn.

Every day, however, the Murdoch net is thrown wider. Some NUJ *refuseniks* have already been sacked and there may be more. If the NUJ national executive becomes too hostile, however, people at Wapping, still enthusiastic members, may draw into a defensive shell. It would be much better to keep the chapel — however, tenuously — in the national union fold, and help it grow as a base for the future.

In any case, piousness and correct decisions won't necessarily help. Lessons from this experience will. Rather than let this go down in the Murdoch mythology of the man you cannot beat, remember how close it was, and still could be, to calling his bluff. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THINK IT OUT NOW

Let's suppose there's a Labour majority in '87. Even five years, warns CLIVE PONTING, wouldn't be enough to achieve a non-nuclear Britain if Labour doesn't face the obstacles now

Neil Kinnock would come to No 10 with less experience of Whitehall in-fighting even than the BBC's imaginary PM, Jim Hacker

BBC

BRITAIN HAS HAD the same defence policy under every government, Labour and Tory, since 1945. If the Labour party wins an overall majority at the next general election it is pledged to carry out a radical change in that policy. But it will enter office with a Prime Minister completely inexperienced at the arts of Whitehall in-fighting, and there is little sign that any detailed plans for implementing the new policy exist, or that enough thought has been given to ways of countering the inevitable opposition from inside the military and scientific bureaucracy and also from the American government.

Unless in the next few months there is an attempt to formulate the new policy in detail the end result could be tragic, not just for the Labour party, but also for the future of democratic policy making in Britain.

For the past forty years British defence policy has been based on four unchanging roles: an ocean-going Navy, a major Army and Air Force in Germany, forces outside the NATO area and the 'independent' deterrent. The money spent on defence has gone down, the forces have shrunk, the world-wide role has become smaller (apart from the Falklands) but the essentials are all still there. Labour governments have accepted that framework with only minor modifications even if they promised greater things in opposition.

In 1964 Harold Wilson was committed to 're-negotiate' the Nassau Agreement to buy Polaris but only cancelled the unnecessary fifth boat. In 1974 there was to be no new generation of strategic missiles but the Labour government agreed to the £1 billion Chevaline programme. At the same time British defence spending was to be reduced to the level of the other European countries in NATO but this promise also went unfulfilled. All of this shows the power of the defence bureaucracy inside Whitehall, the difficulty that a divided government has in either agreeing or implementing a new policy and the problems that arise from the lack of a coherent policy formulated in opposition.

A new Labour government would be attempting to remove one of the major pillars of accepted defence policy — the 'independent' deterrent — and scrap what has been a fundamental part of the NATO alliance, US nuclear bases in Britain. Such a policy is deeply alien not just to the top brass in the Ministry of Defence, but also to the nuclear scientists, who have a dominating influence over nuclear policy making, and the civil servants in MOD and the Foreign Office. The US government and the other members of NATO will be opposed, and the way in which the US has treated New Zealand over the relatively minor issue of nuclear ship visits gives some idea of the sort of opposition that can be expected.

Opposition from within Whitehall will not be as open as that of the United States but will be more effective. There will be no outright refusal to carry out the policy of an elected government. Instead there will be a sustained attempt to modify that policy as much as possible, to string out the decision-taking process, and in the last resort ensure that no irrevocable step is taken before another general election. Unless the new administration has carefully thought through the detailed policy it wants to implement and the timescale for

Conditions of work and quality of working life
A directory of institutions
Edited by Linda Stoddard
Second revised edition
The *Directory* lists 288 institutions in 56 countries, including government agencies, employers' organisations, trade unions, research institutions and university departments concerned with conditions of work and the quality of working life. Up-to-date information on staff, funding, activities, training programmes, current research projects, meetings and publications is provided.
ISBN 92-2-105328-8 £13.35

Introduction to working conditions and environment
Edited by J. M. Clerc
This book has been designed to meet the need for a wide-ranging introductory volume embracing the main aspects of occupational safety and health and general conditions of work. By attempting to disseminate knowledge and information on this subject as widely as possible, the ILO is expressing its clear conviction that this is a task in which all must participate.
ISBN 92-2-105124-2 (hard cover) £15.05

Annotated bibliography on working time
Studies, articles, official reports and conference records are described in this two-part bibliography, which focuses on topical subjects in the world of work. The first part includes publications on the reduction of working time, concentrating in particular on the effects of such reduction on employment, and on such practices as part-time work, work sharing, job sharing, job splitting and flexible work arrangements. The second part, on shift and night work, covers the design of shift systems, the effects of shift work and night work on workers' health and family life, and current practice and recent innovations in various countries and economic sectors.
ISBN 92-2-100543-7 £5.85

Automation, work organisation and occupational stress
New technology is increasingly seen as affecting the quality and quantity of employment. This book includes a survey of legislation and collective agreements on work organisation both in market economy countries and in centrally planned economies; and work organisation and stress.
ISBN 92-2-103866-1 £7.50

Year Book of Labour Statistics, 1985
Forty-fifth issue
The *Year Book* brings together systematically a mass of data from a vast network of authoritative sources of information in some 180 countries. The data presented usually cover the last ten years on the total and active population, employment, unemployment, working hours, wages, labour cost, consumer prices, industrial disputes and occupational injuries.
ISN 92-2-005297-0 (hard cover) £43.40

International Labour Office
Branch Office
96/98 Marsham Street
London SW1P 4LY.
Tel: 01-828 6401

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decision-taking it will be in a weak position to counter this sort of pressure. Good intentions and general aims will not be sufficient to win the Whitehall battles.

One of the first actions of a new Labour government is likely to be cancellation of the Trident programme. By 1987 large contracts will be far advanced in the United States and an outgoing Tory government may well deliberately increase these in the run up to the election. Cancellation charges will run into hundreds of millions of pounds. The orders for Trident submarines at Vickers shipyard at Barrow will go but unless the yard is to be left without work four new nuclear attack submarines will have to be ordered.

There will therefore be little, if any, money saved by cancelling Trident, particularly in the short-term. The end of Trident, although regretted inside the Ministry of Defence, is unlikely to be strongly opposed. The Navy will object to their loss of status but there are others who would privately welcome such a move — the Army always believe they will get a bigger share of the money in a less nuclear-oriented defence policy.

THE CRUCIAL BATTLES will come over the future of Polaris and, as a secondary matter, the tactical nuclear weapons carried by aircraft such as the Tornado and by some warships. Even if the politicians are agreed that all nuclear weapons should go immediately the problems will only have begun. It is not possible to wave a magic wand and dispose of all nuclear weapons overnight.

Stopping Polaris patrols is only a first step. Next the missiles have to be unloaded at Coulport and destroyed and then that depot will have to be run down and closed. The boats will have to go to Rosyth where they would be scrapped and the nuclear reactors decommissioned. This in itself will be a major problem and little thought has so far been given to the disposal of the radioactive waste from old reactors and the more radioactive parts of the boats themselves. All of this raises fundamental environmental issues.

The Polaris warheads, together with the tactical nuclear weapons, have to be dismantled and reprocessed. This is where the future of Aldermaston comes into the picture. Despite recent massive investment the reprocessing facilities for nuclear material at Aldermaston are limited and they will dictate the speed at which Britain can abandon nuclear weapons. While this goes on Aldermaston will have to be kept fully operational. The defence bureaucracy and the nuclear scientists, whose careers depend on Aldermaston, will aim to spin out this process as long as possible so that the facilities are still in existence when the next general election comes round.

How 'objective' will their advice to Labour ministers really be about the rate at which reprocessing can take place? And while this is going on what is to happen to the warhead design teams who would be crucial for any government which wanted to reverse the Labour government's policy? Will they just disappear into the mass of staff at Aldermaston and the Royal Ordnance factories at Cardiff and Burghfield will also be a major task that could take years to complete. This means that any delay at the start of a Labour government in taking the decision to scrap Polaris will almost certainly mean that there is no chance of making Britain non-nuclear in the lifetime of a single Parliament.

It is often said that Britain needs Polaris and Trident in order to remain 'independent'. The question that is not asked is why the United States is prepared to sell these systems to Britain. The answer is that they make Britain a client state. The real nature of the relationship would become clear if Britain tried to get rid of US nuclear bases in Britain. There will be plenty of overt and behind the scenes pressure both diplomatic and through the media from the United States and other NATO allies against any decision to get rid of nuclear weapons, but the really big guns would be reserved to counter an attempt to get rid of US nuclear bases.

The Labour Party needs to be clear about its exact policy. Is it simply the removal of US nuclear warheads from British soil? Or is it the closure of the bases themselves — because there is a fundamental difference between the two. The first would mean that cruise missiles and F-111 bombers would stay in the UK and only their nuclear warheads would be removed to the US ready to be flown back at the first sign of a crisis. The latter is a fundamental change that the US would fight tooth and nail to stop.

The United States, backed by the defence bureaucracy, will do everything possible to ensure that if what they see as the worst happens the damage is limited to the removal of just the warheads. It will take an enormous amount of courage and determination by a British government, perhaps in the middle of an economic crisis, to insist on the full closure of the bases. Even if all these hurdles are successfully negotiated there will still be a multitude of detailed yet highly important questions to be resolved. What for example will be the policy on visits by US nuclear armed or powered warships?

THE UNITED STATES will not just accept a British decision to become non-nuclear, so just what sort of pressure other than diplomatic and vocal will they be prepared to use? This will range from the economic and financial, both of which could be vitally important given the likely state of the British economy by 1987 or 1988, to the strategic. Britain will be cut out of the top decision making areas of NATO and will lose some of the top command jobs.

This will not be very important, but pressure will also be applied through one of the fundamental aspects of the post war Anglo-US relationship — the intelligence alliance. A Labour government is likely to be faced with a complete halt in the flow of information which will seriously affect the work of GCHQ and M16. The quantity of intelligence information available to the UK will drop drastically and produce another strong lobby inside Whitehall against the anti-nuclear policy. The defence establishment puts great weight on this flow of information, but if the goverment were prepared to ride out the storm they would find that little of real significance had been lost.

Even if the Labour government is able to carry through all its anti-nuclear policies it will still be left with a major unresolved question. A government taking office in, say, 1987 is going to find an economy in decline (*NS* 17 January) and very little money available to put right even the most glaring disasters of the Thatcher years. The defence programme is already considerably above the amount of money the present government is prepared to spend and a major defence review is likely to have to be one of the first priorities of a new administration.

For years, defence planners, and Ministers like Michael Heseltine, have tried to avoid the crucial question of what should be the balance of forces when the choice has to be made between the Army and Air Force in Central Europe and an ocean-going Navy. By the end of this decade the money to carry on with the present balancing act will have run out and abandoning nuclear weapons will save little.

Any attempt to resolve this dilemma will lead to an outbreak of bitter civil war between the three Services as they fight for their future. But if the burden of excessive defence spending is to be removed from a weakened economy then these battles will have to be fought and won.

All these problems are not just a matter for CND supporters and defence experts. They are about the health of British democracy and the power of unelected lobbies. Too often in the past we have seen governments come into power and fail to carry out the policies on which they were elected. This is due not just to the power of the Whitehall machine to block changes it does not like, but just as much to the inability of politicians to think through in detail the vague policy commitments they make in opposition.

If at the end of a five year term of a Labour government the aim of a non-nuclear Britain remained unfulfilled it would be a fundamental blow to democratic institutions in this country. It would look as though unelected groups within Whitehall, aided by the overweening power of the United States, had been able to defeat the will of an elected government. The greatest tragedy of all would be if the defeat were the result of the failure of the politicians to work out any detailed policies when in opposition and rely as usual on vague promises. □

Socialist Register 1985/86

DOUBLE ISSUE

Social Democracy and After

Edited by RALPH MILIBAND, MARCEL LIEBMAN, JOHN SAVILLE, LEO PANITCH

Contents include:

- Articles on Social Democracy by Marcel Liebman, Leo Panitch and Ralph Miliband
- on the miners' strike by John Saville and Richard Hyman
- on economics and politics by George Ross, Jane Jenson, Andrew Gamble, Ernest Mandel, Mario Nuti and others
- and on labour and socialist politics in Germany, France, Greece, Australia and the USA etc.

500pp ISBN 085036 340 3 paperback £6.50

Merlin Press, 3 Manchester Road, London E14 9BD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEDIA

What can we learn from Wapping?

JOHN ELLIS

IF MURDOCH is not particularly concerned with the long-term effects of his actions on something as old-fashioned as newspapers, then there are others of us who should be. For the long-term effects of his initiative for newspapers are much more unpredictable than the effects on the TUC and on the thousands of workers affected. Perhaps we will see some useful changes in the dismal national press that we have had for so long. New technologies of newspaper production (used in most of the first world already) have many advantages for those who would like to see a more varied national press.

Consider this: Britain consumes newspapers like virtually no other country. We have a minuscule weekly magazine market (reading this column is a minority act). We have no equivalent of *Paris Match* or *Oggi* or *Der Spiegel* or *Newsweek*. We have a heavy concentration on daily journalism, and that itself is heavily concentrated on London-based nationals. Regional newspapers are not a strong presence: several might fold in the face of competition from free sheets. And we have been stuck with the extraordinary situation where the national newspapers that we do have are overwhelmingly and unashamedly Tory-biased. Until now, the costs of entry to this market have been prohibitive. A left-wing daily is a dream only, perpetually foundering on the problem of initial investments for a new title and unwillingness of any existing title to develop an address to an audience that is neither falsely matey (like the *Mirror*) nor crudely reactionary (like just about everything else).

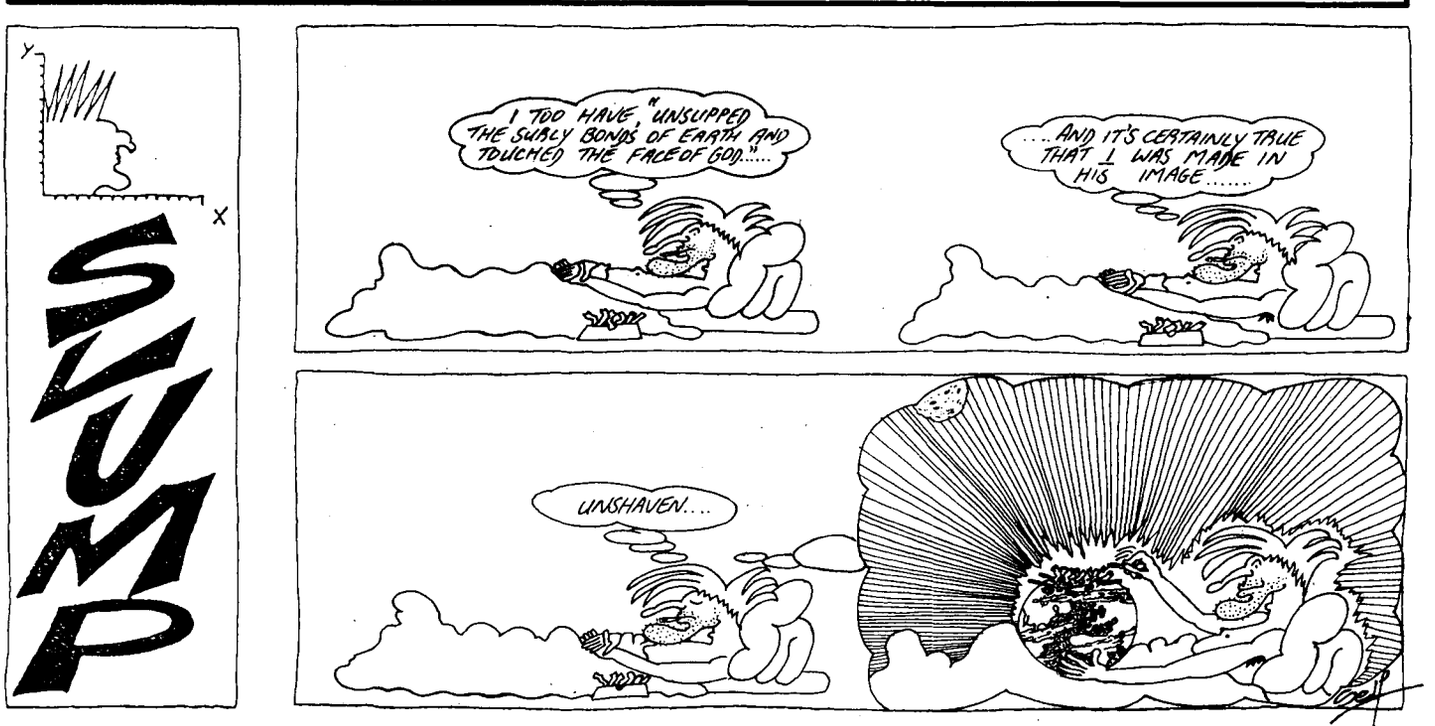
New technologies offer an opportunity to change the situation: they substantially reduce the costs of entry into the market (though of course they will remain high, as a new title has to plan for two to three years' losses); they enable regional editions to be made up with much greater ease; they enable a wider input of copy from around the world; and they enable a more creative use of pictorial material of a better graphic quality. All of these features can be turned to good uses — or to bad ones. So if something is to be gained from the turmoil that the national press is bound to go through in the next few years, some clear thinking has to start now: even if this does seem harsh in the thick of the current disputes.

For market forces alone will not guarantee that a Labour paper emerges during this time. There will be a clutch of new titles, and they will be supported by more sophisticated marketing than the traditional press has indulged in. So it may well occur to some potential investors that our current national newspapers do not address that third of the population who vote Labour; that they ignore the fact that four fifths of the country live outside London and the South East; that progressive ideas in fields like nutrition and medicine, childcare and attitudes to women have a far wider currency than Fleet Street's stereotypes of its readership will allow it to admit. So market forces alone might give us a paper or two that espouses genuinely regional outlooks, socialist viewpoints and commitments to changes in lifestyles.

But that is not really enough. The market alone might manage to give us back the old *Mirror* and maybe even something like what people tell me the *Daily Herald* was like. New print technologies offer much more, for they can be harnessed to provide new graphic styles. Murdoch is not using this potential down at Wapping: he's just producing the same old stuff with slashed wage bills. But a newspaper which is based upon a combination of reporting and photomontage is something else again. And the one thing that the new print technology does make possible is the manipulation of visual material in colour with great speed and maximum creative possibilities.

The market alone is unlikely to harness this potential to anything but the crudest of uses. Similarly, market forces alone are unlikely to alter the traditional internal arrangements of newspapers (those that retain a news component, that is). So another long-standing grievance of the labour movement is unlikely to be remedied: the division of coverage between 'financial' journalism (which only shareholders can understand) and 'industrial' coverage (which is really about labour disputes). But if Fleet Street is to change, then this is another aspect that will have to be fought for in that change.

These are kinds of things I wanted to say when Eddie Shah's *Today* reached us (in every colour except red, I suspect). For Shah is at least offering a new product, even though it's unclear how he perceives his potential market. Now there's Murdoch, giving new print technology a bad name simply because he wants to pay for his new video toys in the USA with short-term profits. But I still hope that the havoc he's causing way beyond the newspaper industry won't blind everyone on the Left to the potential gains from Murdoch's mess. □


Y
X
SUMP
I TOO HAVE, "UNSLIPPED THE SURLY BONDS OF EARTH AND TOUCHED THE FACE OF GOD....."
....AND IT'S CERTAINLY TRUE THAT I WAS MADE IN HIS IMAGE.....
UNSHAVEN....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Ian Williams

Liverpool

The tidal wave of verbiage over Westland and the excess of governmental inexactitudes led to discussion of semantics and the class war on Sunday. Why Sunday Dinner? And why Christmas Dinner? North of Milton Keynes (since the South East has expanded past Watford) there was once no ambiguity. The day started with breakfast, was bisected by dinner, and finished up with tea in the evening, at teatime, in fact.

But caste pressure on social amphibians like myself now leads to confusion. The higher orders have lunch at dinner time, and dinner at teatime. Upwardly socially mobile teachers tell pupils to go for lunch — served by dinner ladies. And there's no ambiguity about major feasts like Christmas Dinner and Sunday Dinner. It reinforces my long-held belief that so-called standard English is a class dialect. High-caste Indians have castemarks on their foreheads, but we have them on our tongues.

○

Our Deputy Leader likes the media, so I'll pander to his whims and make a mention. His Labour Party Ward is having an action replay of its AGM, since the first attempt was belled, booked and candled. In their enthusiasm to support what one leaflet called one of our 'well known and popular leaders' several of his supporters overlooked some trifling technicalities — like being members of the ward!

Attempts to muster support continue. Some MPs have had up to three letters soliciting donations (suggested minimum £500!) for Derek's sue Granada fund. I was asked: 'What do you call someone from Liverpool in a suit?'. The answer, 'The defendant', may explain a scarcity of comrades prepared to make a fraternal investment in anyone returning this week for questioning by what Merseyside Police coyly call the 'Commercial Branch'. It isn't a Friedmanite study group on how to privatise the police. It's the old Fraud Squad cosmetised.

○

I have mentioned Liverpool's dens of iniquity before. At one time it looked as if the Somalis were going to have a monopoly on them. They started with the Somali Social Club for beached seafarers, but soon discovered that a cellar with a bar at one end and a juke box at the other was all that was needed to make a living. That was in happier days when new alcoholic horizons opened as the pubs closed. Most Somali-run establishments have now gone, victims of planners bulldozing rubble into the cellars, to be replaced by trendy discos and wine bars with medallion men and Bee Gee lookalikes.

But how can you replace a restaurant which had the memorable sign 'please do not molest other diners' and a polylingual waiter invalided out of the Somali Camel Corps? Frenchy had the gift of tongues and never failed to respond in any language we had ever tried on him, even making fluent speeches in accurate Welsh.

○

I remembered him as, after a long absence, I meandered into one of few surviving Somali-owned premises, which had gone upmarket with real ale and clean floors. Despite my name, I've no known Welsh antecedents, but inspired with the knowledge that Liverpool hosted several Eistedfoddau before the First World War, I once went to a party hosted by Harlech TV in the House of Commons, and puckishly berated our host that no station could be considered *really* Welsh until it had produced the Mabinogion — in Welsh. Some years later they did. I couldn't understand a word but watched it all to make reparations for one of the longest lasting crimes of Scouse Chauvinism, repeated to me in the depths of the club this week.

The myth is that as soon as a Citizen of Liverpool goes into a shop or pub in Wales the natives, who were chatting in English, begin speaking Welsh. This poses a philosophical problem akin to the aeons-old unknowability of whether the fridge light *really* goes off when we shut the door. No one can tell me how they knew what language was being spoken *before* they went in, but it's not in our civic traditions to allow logic to intrude upon deeply felt beliefs. Not even the one in which we preen ourselves for our Cosmopolitanism!

ROGER WODDIS

Think thug!

A vanload of Metropolitan police officers who assaulted five teenagers, putting two of them into hospital, are not to be prosecuted or disciplined, as they cannot be identified

If your ginger cat is missing
And you need a helping hand —
Think thug!
If you see a couple kissing
Or you hear a reggae band —
Think thug!
If a noise disturbs your slumbers,
If you're elderly or blind,
If you lack sufficient numbers
For the job you have in mind,
If you fear the zebra crossing,
Or the boss is less than kind —
Think thug!

If you've had a heavy luncheon,
If your son is sniffing glue —
Think thug!
If you long to use a truncheon
And you trust the boys in blue —
Think thug!
If the price of oil is dropping,
If BL is under threat,
If you think the wire at Wapping
Will put Murdoch in Debrett,
If you're bored with law and order
And you'd rather have the Met. —
Think thug!

○

After the shuttle disaster, it was surprising to discover an interview with someone claiming to be Head of the British Space Effort. As a child, I was an avid Science Fiction Fan. Afflicted with the Peter Pan Syndrome, I refused to grow into dull adulthood. So I'm still an SF fan. This country's economic and political decline is reflected in British Science Fiction. British writers always excelled at the 'end of civilisation as we know it' sub-type of the genre, but there was a sideline which recognised decadent *Realpolitik* but tried to romance it into reverse.

Consider how Dan Dare (RAF) proudly patrolled the Spaceways to Venus and Mars. Then stories began to appear in the '50s, in which British pluck and ingenuity pulled us from behind to beat the Soviets and US. I have fond memories of one wish fulfilment tale where the Empire, disguised as the Commonwealth, wins the Space Race by sending up a light payload in the form of a diminutive 14-year-old.

Even the *New Statesman*'s recent exposure of the government's big bluff about how many bombs we haven't got was anticipated by John Wyndham's *Outward Urge* in 1959, in which our Moon Base was festooned with dummy missile silos. The Soviets weren't fooled then and I'm sure they aren't now, so presumably the charade is intended to suppress Post-Imperial Tension in the population.

○

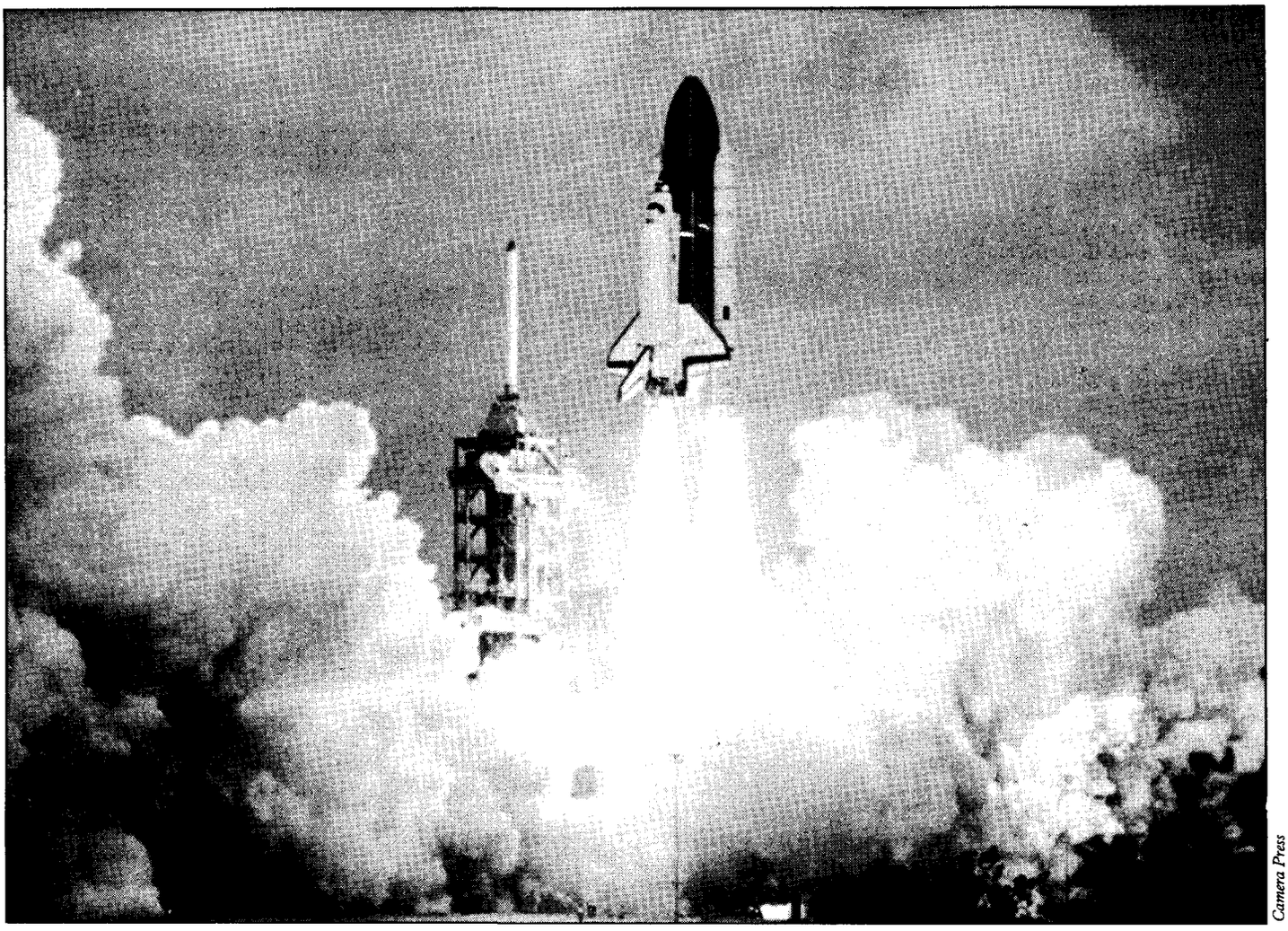
The week ends up, appropriately enough, in orbit. Riverside constituency hosted a debate between economists Andrew Glyn of Militant and Geoff Hodgson. It was the first meeting with Militant present, *with no reference to witch-hunts!* But as a concession to normality 250 monopolies were still to be nationalised. Someone whispered down the row that the comrades weren't being very supportive of their chosen champion, and someone else cynically whispered back that that was because they couldn't understand what he was saying, since he was avoiding slogans!

○

We're allowed a little bit of sectarianism, since this week's *Militant* quoted me as writing for the 'right-wing' *New Statesman*. On the other side, Tory-controlled Sefton Library is having a census on the *NS* before cancelling their order. Readers have to ask especially for it, so they may be counted and ticked off on a form. Now is the time for all good readers in Sefton to stand up and insist on being counted!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY THE CRASH WILL BOOST US SPACE PLANS



Camera Press

The *Challenger* disaster has ironically allowed America to pledge itself anew to its wasteful and ineffectual shuttle programme. But why is so much money poured into it when ordinary rockets can do the job more cheaply? CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports

IN HIS EULOGY of the crew of the US shuttle orbiter, *Challenger*, President Reagan described the shuttle programme as 'effective, safe, and efficient . . . bold and committed.' The truth is that in the terms of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) has set in the past, the shuttle programme has been none of those things, except perhaps safe. Until the explosion on 28 January, just about everything else in the shuttle programme since its inception in 1972 had been a disaster. After the explosion, as many rocket engineers and former astronauts were at last willing to concede publicly, the shuttle's operating record was a high-wire act that had been defying the steadily rising probability of a catastrophe — until the odds caught up.

But Americans are so enthralled by a myth of technological superiority that no cost has seemed too high a price to pay for the reassurance that flight of these spacecraft apparently provides. Which explains perhaps why the outpouring of emotion in the US at the *Challenger* blow-up seems, to foreign sensibilites, excessive — and so unwise, if the lessons of this incident are to be properly understood. When the president said that the families of the dead astronauts had asked 'specifically that we continue the programme', and promised 'we will not disappoint them', he was trying to ensure that most Americans will not learn what a handful already knew before the blow-up: the shuttle is a colossally wasteful vanity, outclassed in practical terms by those unpublicised, unmanned, expendable rockets even the Europeans can fire into space.

This year the cost of building the shuttle system has reached $30 billion. Because of what NASA has called 'unforeseen technical problems', the system has been devouring unforeseen expenditures, while it has had to abandon virtually every one of the cost and operating projections the space agency has publicly offered, revised, and offered again.

Before the *Challenger* disaster, it was already obvious in Washington that NASA couldn't fly more than a third of the flights it had optimistically projected 10 years ago — 15 to 16 a year, compared with 49 to 57. The cost for each flight had leapt — the base price NASA was quoting before the flights began was $38 million. But even the space agency has more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than doubled that to $87 million for flights after 1989. In fact, according to a March 1985 congressional study, the cost of operating would be closer to $100 million a flight, and if government subsidies already spent were recovered and new ones paid out the real cost per flight would be over $320 million. Even that isn't accurate because the US Air Force budget is paying a substantial proportion of the costs of operating the launch pad at Vandenberg Air Force Base, and starting this year, the 15 USAF shuttle flights scheduled from Vandenberg between now and 1991.

The arithmetic of cost over-runs and declining numbers of flights makes a mockery of NASA's initial estimate that it would cost five dollars to lift one pound of payload into space on the shuttle; the last estimate, before *Challenger's* loss, was $258 per pound. At that cost the Franco-European Ariane rocket system and any number of other US unmanned rockets could do the shuttle's job cheaper, faster, more reliably, and more safely.

Why not admit that now? A year ago, the Senate Budget Committee asked the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) to assess the future costs of the shuttle programme in this order: first came national security, to 'ensure access to space for the Department of Defense.' Then came 'national prestige — maintain a strong US role in space technology and in the development of space.' Following thereafter were the objectives of research, cost recovery, efficiency and the establishment of commercial space transportation and industry.

SOME US AND Soviet commentators have claimed the shuttle was intended to be used in the Reagan Administration's Strategic Defence Initiative. Although the shuttle pre-dated Star Wars, it is true in part — some SDI-related experiments have been planned for shuttle missions. This was, however, a relatively minor part of the shuttle's military role.

The shuttle itself has not been designed as a military craft, but rather as a heavy hauler of parts to build the space stations the SDI envisages, and to launch and maintain satellites and other spacecraft for US military use. The airforce has been envious that the prestige of flying in space should be reserved for a civilian agency like NASA, and so it has built Vandenberg and its own space force to have 'stick time' — pilot jargon for playing the throttle — in space.

WHAT DO YOU READ?

Are you in an intellectual or even a religious rut? There is a massive literature, classical and modern, containing great comprehensive ideas linking the latest modern scientific and philosophic thought with knowledge and wisdom as old as the world itself – Theosophy.

For information write to:
The Blavatsky Trust (B)
P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

The first secret military mission of the shuttle system took place last year; out of 12 missions scheduled this year, three are for military purposes; 14 military flights are due to take place in 1989, 9 in 1990, and 10 in 1992. Just under half the planned flights and cargo capacity has been allocated to the Pentagon. But from a purely military perspective, the unreliability of the shuttle, the infrequency of its flights, and its cost have had serious drawbacks — which look much more serious now.

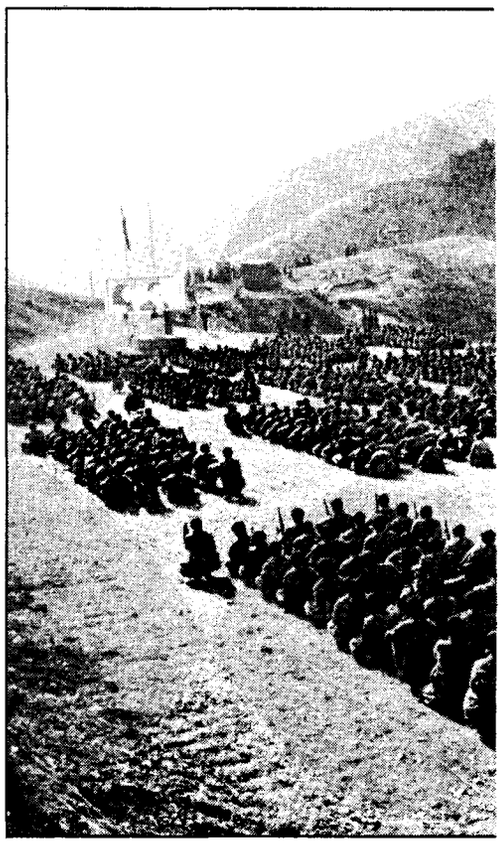
The Pentagon needs to have rockets to launch satellites quickly, when crises need special surveillance or when existing spacecraft go on the blink. For that purpose, the airforce has been quietly asking Congress for money to build expendable rockets that will do the job. They, not the shuttle system, can now meet the national security objective.

Ask US space scientists and they will laugh at the way NASA has promoted the shuttle for research purposes. The fact is, they say, they wanted NASA to finance a more active programme of planetary exploration, but that and many other research projects have lost funds, which have been handed over to the shuttle programe to cover its cost over-runs. Few independent economists can see any prospect that the shuttle system could ever recover its costs by efficiency in its own operations and by competition for space business with Arianespace, the European rocket consortium, or with private American rocket companies.

After the chortling at some of Ariane's misfortunes had subsided at NASA headquarters, it became embarrassingly clear that without heavy US government subsidies the shuttle would be beaten by Ariane to most of the available commercial business. The Americans have complained at government subsidies for Ariane undercutting fair prices — but this is strictly a case of the pot calling the kettle black. Indeed, US government funding for the shuttle has left the commercial US operators with virtually no demand left to sell their rocket services to — that is, until the *Challenger* accident proved how risky taking a cheap ride on the shuttle can be.

And so we are left with just one objective for the shuttle programme — the pursuit of national prestige in a contest with enemies like the Soviets, and adversaries like Arianespace. That, of course, is what has suffered most in the present calamity. Americans need to believe in their technological godheads. Imagine how the ancient Greeks would have felt if the goddess Athena fell off her pedestal in the Parthenon and splintered into bits. The ancients would have discerned a bad omen, a warning from the Gods, in that and not dreamed of appointing a commission of engineers to explain why a statue had an accident.

But for Americans believing in technology, technology can be counted on to resurrect itself, pinpoint the problem and fix it. The human and emotional disaster that has come as a climax to the shuttle programme will, in the best of practical American tradition, prove to be the absolution of the inglorious muddle that has gone before, and the justification of more that is to come. □



HUMAN RIGHTS

RESISTORS SHOCK IRAN

ABBAS SEAMGAR on the appeal to world opinion

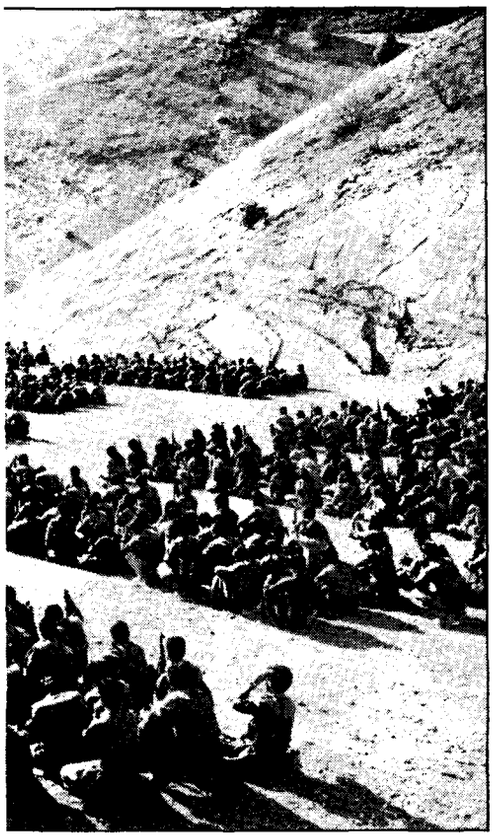
FOR THE FIRST TIME in 40 years, the United Nations General Assembly has adopted a resolution condemning the Islamic Republic of Iran for gross violation of human rights. The government dismissed the resolution, adopted in December 1985, as 'insignificant' saying that it would have no effect upon the path the Islamic regime had followed so far. According to Khomeini, there was no evidence to prove that 'anything' had happened.

Yet the mere fact that the regime has been consistently denying human rights abuse is in itself significant. The publicity surrounding such an international confirmation of human rights abuse is naturally high-profile and could pressurise other governments into thinking again before they enter into any mutual agreement with Iran.

The UN resolution has other serious repercussions for the government. It has proved the opposition's account of human rights abuse to be basically reliable; and it has brought a main opposition grouping to the forefront of international recognition.

The alliance movement, National Council for Resistance (NCR) with Mujahedin as its leading party, proved to be capable of organising a highly sophisticated campaign to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mujahedin in recent military parade inside Iran

win the world's public opinion. By supporting their allegations of human rights abuse in Iran with a wide range of documents including a long list of executions, which they had meticulously gathered from inside the country, they challenged the government's propaganda that the Mujahedin is finished.

The most shocking evidence came from three victims of torture who had escaped from Iran. Mojgan, a 24-year-old student in a wheelchair, showed how her leg had been literally cut off by her interrogators. Narges, a 26-year-old bookseller opened her blouse to show a line of scars along her breast from cigarette burns. She said she had been ordered to appear in public and condemn the Mujahedin; when she refused the Pasdaran (revolutionary guards) wrote with their cigarettes the word Mujahid on her breast. Hussain, a 28-year-old man who had been helped to escape while being transferred from one prison to another, showed how badly he had been tortured during his detention.

According to newspaper reports, Hashemi Rafsanjani, the speaker of Majlis (the parliament), denounced 'this sickening act' of Narges who had ignored the Islamic *hijab* (a rule that no part of a woman's body, except for her hands and face, should be seen in public) by showing her breasts to the reporters.

Hijab is a clear manifestation of the regime's explicitly male-orientated ideology. It has won the support of a large majority of men, known as *mustazafin* (the deprived) in the poorer urban areas. It has given these men the power to keep members of their own family under their control. And it is to these men that the government looks for military volunteers and crowds for street demonstrations. At the same time they are dependent upon the government for supplementary benefit.

But while the government has been able to rely upon the Islamic loyalties of the *mustazafin*, it has failed to run the state by a degree of consensus, rather than by force or to broaden its political base. The opposition, on the other hand, has managed to regroup and gain a degree of international credibility. Last November an important meeting in Paris between King Hussein of Jordan and Massoud Ragavi, leader of the Mujahedin, highlighted the fact that key figures in the region are now turning to the Mujahedin to explore possibilities for an alternative solution to the Gulf war, now in its sixth year.

The Mujahedin's claim to be the strongest opposition organisation active inside Iran is backed by the continued arrest and execution of their members. Last October they staged a military show of force inside Iran when, according to newspaper reports, 2,000 trainees paraded before portraits of their leaders. They recently announced they have received a substantial amount of money from merchants in Tehran.

A series of events in the last couple of years have helped the Mujahedin gain a stable leadership with a sense of political maturity. Among these is Massoud Ragavi's controversial move last year to share the leadership of the organisation with a woman, Mariam, on an equal basis. The controversy stemmed not from the fact that a woman was to become co-leader but that she, initially married to a prominent member of the organisation, divorced her husband to marry Massoud Ragavi. This marriage, which was Ragavi's third, threw the organisation into a state of deep crisis. Ragavi came under attack not only from the government in Tehran who publicised the event to show how 'corrupt and decadent' the Mugahedin leadership in Paris was, but also from the smaller opposition groups who accused Ragavi of abusing the trust conferred on him by his membership.

Ragavi, the only surviving founder of the 21-year-old Mujahedin — others were executed by the Shah — appeared to have skilfully handled the situation, turning the whole event into a morale booster, a kind of political drama to keep the membership going. That in turn helped Ragavi to consolidate his own position in the leadership as well as that of his organisation within the opposition. His critics, however, accuse him of building a personality cult around himself.

Crucial to the Mujahedin's future are the developments in the next few years within the ruling clergy: there are sections of the religious hierarchy who believe the clergy should withdraw from the government and resume its more traditional role as a strong pressure group. They want Iran as an Islamic state, run accordingly to the clergy's wishes, without the clergy sharing the blame for its shortcomings. The danger for the Mujahedin is that in the unlikely event of the clergy succeeding in withdrawing and persuading the regime to instigate piecemeal reforms, they may steal the initiative for change from the opposition. □

Supporters of the Mujahedin are holding a demonstration in Russell Square, London WC1, on 7 February starting at 12.30 pm.

LOCAL AUTHORITIES & DISABILITY
GLC
ACTIONS FOR EQUALITY

CONFERENCE

27 February 1986

'ACTIONS FOR EQUALITY' for people with disabilities is the theme of a one-day conference for local authority members and officers to be run by the GLC at the County Hall, London.

The Conference, which has all party support, will provide the forum for the launch of an Anti-Discrimination Code of Practice for local authorities to use as a guide to implementing policies of benefit to people with disabilities. The Conference will also be presented with a Report on GLC activities in the field of disability.

The Conference will take the form of Plenary Sessions, to be addressed by Ken Livingstone, the Leader of the GLC, and other leading local authority members, and Workshop sessions on the following topics:

- Planning
- Housing
- Employment
- Education
- Transport
- Leisure and Recreation
- Social Services
- Health (Of particular interest to members of Health Authorities)

If **YOU** as a member or officer would like to do more to enable people with disabilities to have equality in your area, contact the GLC Disability Resource Team for more information and a registration form **TODAY.**

● Write to: Room 92/3, The County Hall, London SE1 7PB or telephone Martin Coleman on 01-633 8549 or Karen Meador on 01-633 8369.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FATE OF THE SIKHS IN INDIA

AUTHORS FACE SEDITION CHARGE

Gandhi's government has reacted to a dossier of testimonies from Punjab by threatening its authors with life sentences, writes SHAILA SHARMA

ONE OF THE most politically significant court cases in India in recent years began on Tuesday 4 February. One woman and four men, the authors of a report on the role of the army and police in Punjab, published by a civil liberties organisation, Citizens for Democracy, stand accused of 'sedition, waging war against the state and encouraging criminal violence' — charges which could carry life imprisonment. Their report *Oppression in Punjab*, banned the day after it appeared on 9 September last year, has now been republished by another group and is selling openly all over India and has been published in Britain.*

Oppression in Punjab is a remarkable book in many respects. In a situation riddled with party politics and obscured by press censorship, it concentrates simply on finding and relating people's actual experiences. Through hundreds of eyewitness accounts, painstakingly gathered and carefully checked, it describes Operation Bluestar, the Indian army's attack on the Golden Temple at Amritsar, and details police and army activities in the towns and villages of Punjab since then.

Oppression in Punjab is also unusual in another respect: a large proportion of the major witnesses are women. What emerges through their stark descriptions is not only their suffering but their courage and fortitude. It is they who go to the police station in groups, day after day, militantly demanding and sometimes securing the release of their menfolk. It is they who carry on everyday life in the face of anguish — looking after children and old people and working on the farms.

GURMIT KAUR, for example, who has 2½ acres of land in Gurdaspur district, tells how her husband was taken away by the police, who would not tell her why he was arrested or where he was being taken. Two days later

> Ludhiana police came to tell me that my husband was very ill and I should go with them. On reaching there I found that he was dead, both his arms were broken, there were injuries on the testicles and the legs had been stretched to such an extent that the body had got torn and the intestines had come out. The body had fallen apart to such an extent that it could not be brought back for cremation. There was no FIR [police statement], he could not be presented before a court, he was arrested without a warrant and there was no witness like the *Sarpanch* [elected head of the village council] when he was taken . . .

The report goes on 'There is nobody to till the land, now that Karnail Singh is dead, and she is saddled with a sick 80-year-old brother-in-law and her own two small children: many families are haunted not merely by the sorrow of death but by fear of starvation'.

Economic destruction in Punjab is almost always a part of the attack on a family or village. Its consequences are felt most acutely by women, old people and children, since young men are often missing for months. Sixty-year-old Boota Singh, for example, told the authors

> My son Ajit Singh, 20 years old, is untraceable since the army action in June; my house has been raided ten times in the last eight and a half months, and my three other sons and myself arrested five times, tortured for one month and then released for a couple of weeks, then again tortured and then released . . . about a hundred army men suddenly raid our house at night, pounce on our sleeping sisters and young children; we are not even allowed to harvest, death is better than this life.

In some villages, women too are facing the same pattern of arrest, torture, release and rearrest, only in their case it is accompanied by sexual humiliation and rape. Gurdip Kaur's testimony is typical:

> My husband is an Amritdhari (a devout Sikh who has taken special vows). Terrorised by the police, he might have run away, I do not know where, or he may have been killed by the police or by the army . . . On 26 November the Assistant Sub Inspector of Sri Hargovindpur police station pulled me out of my house and pushed me into his van. They kept slapping my face and took me to the police station. They abused me in the filthiest language which I feel ashamed to repeat . . . I was detained at the police station from 26 November to 1 December and then at Ghuman police station from 1 to 6 December . . . Since then I am taken to the police station and kept there for ten days every month. In all I have been detained seven times. Yesterday [on 1 May 1985] I was kept in the police station for 12 hours and dishonoured.

In the face of such intense suffering, it would hardly be surprising if the Sikhs wanted separation from India, but according to *Oppression in Punjab* this is not the case. 'Khalistan', which in the West is identified with a separate nation, has for most people in Punjab a very different meaning. It is a place within India where Sikhs can live in dignity; or as Harbhajan Kaur Khalsa, secretary of the women's branch of the Akali party, put it: 'Khalistan is not outside India but it is a place which Sikhs call *Apna Ghar* [our home], with more autonomy.'

In what way can such a publication be seditious? Curiously enough even the Delhi police seemed uncertain. When asked by the magistrate, soon after the authors' arrests in September, to point out the seditious passages, they were unable to do so and finally admitted that they had not actually read *Oppression in Punjab*. The magistrate then refused to take the case further but didn't have the authority to throw it out altogether or revoke the ban on the book. The government has now transferred the case to the much more powerful CBI (Central Bureau of Investigation) to prosecute. It is the CBI which is now interrogating the authors in the run up to their appeal against the banning of the book. Meanwhile, in Punjab more than 4,000 Sikhs are still being held in detention, and despite Rajiv Gandhi's continued assertions that the problem has been solved there is no indication that for them life has changed significantly. ☐

*Published by Federation of Sikh Organisations, 43 Dorset Road, Merton Park, London SW19

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (On postcards please).

☐ A crook raided a building society in Cradley Heath for the second time in two months and shouted: 'Hello, I'm here again.' — *The Mirror* (Joan Kendrick)

☐ Warwickshire's nuclear bunker does not meet fire regulations and improvement work needs to be carried out, county councillors have been told. — *Coventry Evening Telegraph* (Ron Mitchell)

☐ Emergency planning chiefs in South Glamorgan are set to spend more than £10,000 repairing a leaky roof on their nuclear bunker. The emergency centre at Corytown is intended to house up to 100 top county officials during a nuclear attack, but it cannot even keep the rain out let alone radioactive fall-out. — *Western Mail* (Jon Parry)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Relax in a bubble of soap

Janie Whyld, Caistor, Lincs.

I was sorry that your TV critic Hugo Williams (*NS* 17 January) was so dismissive of *EastEnders*. Of course, it may not present aesthetic perfection or innovation, but that is hardly necessary in soap. What I want after a day at work, or intense intellectual debate, is something which will engage my attention and let my mind relax, without being offensive in any way. What is great about *EastEnders* (and *Brookside*) is that they are absorbing, but they do not contain the implicit racism, sexism and acceptance of violence and exploitation which is abundant in almost all the other mindless media material we are offered. Instead, they are overtly anti-racist and anti-sexist, presenting positive images of blacks and whites, women and men in a variety of roles and situations, and showing people who have both weaknesses and strengths to their characters (not just 'goodies' and 'baddies').

I suggest that 'mindless soap' does more to form and consolidate the attitudes of the majority of the population than any form of intellectual debate (or slanging match). The Left should be pleased that the attitudes currently depicted in such popular TV series are so admirable — and should learn from their styles of presentation.

More stripping illusions

Nicky Johnson, Pam Banes, Sharon Godfrey, Cheryl Turton, Sue Box, Sheffield, Yorkshire

We are a group of five girls who worked in the same Soho strip clubs as Nickie (*NS* 17 January), we also worked as prostitute women. We do not do this work because we like it, we do it for the same reasons other people work in other jobs — to earn money to support ourselves and our children.

This does not mean that we have no self-respect. We are *human beings*, after all. Nickie tells it as it is.

Peter Dawson, London WC1

It is unfortunate that Miss East of Torquay (Letters *NS* 31 January) finds the photograph used in your 17 January article on the 'sex industry' upsetting. Although in other contexts such a photograph might be pornographic, in the context of such an article its inclusion serves only to emphasise the degradation caused by pornography and by the 'sex industry' in general. If Miss East finds the photograph upsetting merely because it shows naked female breasts, then maybe that says something about the 'poverty and nastiness' of English sexual culture referred to in Angèle Anet's letter. The fact that breasts (and bodies in general) are seen as 'dirty' goes a long way to explaining why schoolboy minds of all ages will never tire of gaping at them.

Nickie Roberts, Norwich

What really seems to get up the noses of people like your correspondent Alan Chedzoy (letters 31 January) is the fact that I am writing a book about working in the sex industry — never mind that outsiders have been writing *about* women like me since ink was invented. Now, some of us have the audacity to speak for ourselves, and for that we are vilified; but then you get used to being slagged off by men in our line of work. And when I say 'work' I mean work; it certainly isn't a hobby.

Chedzoy asks what is the difference between my writing a book about the sex industry and a middle-class professional's researching a PhD. I should have thought the answer obvious: I am writing from my own experience, not poncing off someone else's. Incidentally, *The Front Line* will include other voices as well as my own — the hitherto unheard voices of women — and men — *workers* in the sex *industry*.

Furthermore, if 'Angele' enjoys a 'sexual experience' every time she goes on stage, good luck to her; she must be even more exhausted than the rest of us, but she should be aware that for the vast majority of women, sex industry work is a matter of economic necessity. It is disingenuous of her to suggest otherwise.

Parents turn on Mrs T

Liz Allen, London NW3

As one of the 'mummies' rather patronisingly described in your article, 'Mummy and Daddy try to get a word in edgewise' (*NS* 10 January) I deplore Barry Hugill's negative view of the power of parental feeling and action.

He devoted a lot of space to the National Confederation of Parent-Teacher Associations' 'about turn' as evidence for your argument that there was no consensus among parents. Perhaps you will now devote equal space to their 'turn and turn again'. I quote from their letter to Margaret Thatcher last week: '(we) wish firmly to disabuse you and the government of any idea that you may have formed that the NCPTA support your position. That is very far from the truth.'

Botha and the Nazis

L. Clarke, Uxbridge, Middlesex

Tim Jarvis and Denis Herbstein (*NS* 3 January) paint a deservedly grisly picture of a South Africa behaving more and more like Nazi Germany in the 1930s.

The world frequently sees President P. W. Botha on TV, proclaiming his horror of terrorism, treason and violence. But our free world media have quite failed to show us the same P. W. Botha during World War II when — according to impeccable sources such as Bishop Tutu, the BBC book *The White Tribe of Africa* by David Harrison, and Colonel G. C. Visser of Smuts's wartime security police — Botha was not only a leading member of the pro-Nazi sabotage and terrorist group, the Ossewabrandwag, in pro-Allied South Africa from 1939 to 1941, but actually helped found its Cape Province branch.

It was the Ossewabrandwag which in September 1940 appealed urgently to Nazi Germany 'to furnish arms for their proposed rebellion' against their own country and the Allies in wartime, according to a cable sent to Berlin in that month by Dr Luitpold Werz, Nazi Consul in neutral, neighbouring Mozambique. This rebellion plot, code-named 'Weissdorn' by Berlin, involved making South Africa ungovernable and handing its ports and airfields over to Hitler's forces, in exchange for an Afrikaner Republic.

Mad at an ad

Madeline Landauer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

While I understand that you have to accept advertising, I can't help but wonder how you feel about printing the British Pharmaceutical Industries advert (*NS* 31 January).

The advert says that '(smallpox) had been responsible for wiping out more Indian tribes than white men themselves'. But smallpox was introduced to the Americans by European colonisers and slave traders in the first place. Large portions of native populations worldwide have been destroyed by westerners infesting them with diseases against which they had no immunity including sicknesses caused by imposed crowding and industrialisation, i.e. westernisation. Pharmaceuticals and western medicine are

Take me to your Leader
By Manning Minnie
JOHN MINNION
THE U.S. ATTEMPT TO ZAP GADDAFI BY DIVERTING HALLEY'S COMET HAS FAILED.
AFTER A WEEK OF NATIONAL MOURNING FOR THE LOSS OF ITS TECHNOLOGICAL VIRILITY, AMERICA HAS BECOME AN ISLAMIC STATE....
ISLAMIC FUNDAMENTALISM ISN'T AS BAD AS I ALWAYS THOUGHT, CASP
I HARDLY FEEL ANY DIFFERENT, RON
I DO HAVE A VERY STRONG URGE TO LAUNCH A JIHAD
YEAH, BUT YOU ALWAYS DID, CASP
PRESIDENT IOHFKE
IT'S A FUNNY THING, BUT EVEN THOUGH WE'RE NOW BROTHERS IN THE FAITH, I STILL HATE GADDAFI!
ME TOO, RON. BUT LOOK— WHAT'S THAT!
MY GOD, CASP— HOSTAGES!
CIA SNOOPAVISION
JIHAD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves a disease — one aspect of white man's hegemony over and annihilation of many different cultures.

This type of advertisement therefore reeks of the same distortion of truth found in Shell's campaign to make people think oil companies have improved the environment. What will be next, the porn industry showing how without exploitation of women's bodies feminism itself could not exist?

In defence of Broadmoor

Robert Dando, Harrow, Middlesex

It seems a pity to pick holes in Fay Weldon's excellent short story (*NS* 20-27 December). But I have to take issue when she describes Broadmoor as a 'secure hospital for the criminally insane.' Broadmoor and the other top security hospitals — Rampton, Moss Side and Park Lane — are not specifically for convicted criminals considered to be insane. They are places for people considered to be mentally ill or mentally handicapped who are also considered to be in need of special care. And while it is indeed true that some of the inmates have been convicted of serious offences, there are some who have only been convicted of trivial offences, some who have been accused, but not convicted of a criminal offence, and some who have not even been accused of a criminal offence, let alone convicted of one.

Unfortunately, at the same time that Fay Weldon is professing all this compassion for the inmates of these hospitals, she is also upholding the negative stereotypes about them that commonly abound.

John Hamilton, Medical Director, Broadmoor Hospital

Your short story 'Down the Clinical Disco' by Fay Weldon contained some very nasty fiction concerning a patient's experiences in Broadmoor Hospital. These included brutal, inhumane and uncaring attitudes and practices by nurses and doctors. It was a disgraceful insult to the hospital and liable to cause distress to staff, patients and their relatives and friends. I know it was fiction but there was no need to use the name of Broadmoor.

Another lifeline is cut

Allan Horsfall, Worsley, Manchester

The Chester to Wrexham line is not the only one where British Rail is proposing to out-Serpell the Serpell Report recommendation that only lines with less than 10,000 train movements a year should be considered for single-tracking (*NS* 31 January).

BR is now seeking to introduce permanent single line working between Burnley (Gannow junction) and Colne — a line with 13,500 movements a year.

Lurid labels

Chris Mullin, Sunderland

The lurid labels in the *Sun (NS* 31 January) are not confined to murderers and rapists. A *Sun* editorial on 21 January, about the selection of Ms Dawn Primerolo as Labour candidate for Bristol South in place of Mr Michael Cocks, was headed RED BREAST.

Good old Scottish justice

Gerard Devlin, Uddingston, Lanarkshire

The article on 3 January by Tony Gifford about supergrasses should have been headed 'Good Old English Justice' and not 'Good Old British Justice'. It has long been part of Scottish Common Law that no one can be convicted on uncorroborated evidence of any sort, far less uncorroborated evidence of an accomplice. Accordingly the cases in question would never even be brought to court in Scotland.

With regard to the question of Prisoners on Remand which was raised in the article, in Scotland an accused person must be brought to trial within 40 or 110 days of being remanded depending on the seriousness of the charge. This is a long cherished rule which is rarely circumvented by the prosecution. The prosecution could not obtain an extension to the time limit merely on the grounds that it had not had sufficient time to prepare the case.

It just won't stick

Peter Bradley, London SW2

Your editorial note to Peter Brady's letter (31 January) about Aids was disingenuous, and I don't see why you should get away with evasiveness and re-writing history just because the Prime Minister does.

The fact is that the caption ('The catering staff have Aids) was disgraceful. Your editorial note justifying this award was gobbledegook — hoping that *NS* readers will appreciate 'what passes for right-wing humour': who do you think we are? Further, the note blissfully ignored the presentation of the original result. On the page, 'NB This is an ideologically disgraceful joke' looked like a pre-emptive strike against those humourless enough to be offended by the caption, and, for me at any rate, this interpretation was confirmed by the phrase, 'From the blood on the *NS* floor, from which the ideological purity collective had to be scraped up and carried off . . .' That doesn't sound like a thoughtful analysis of what passes for right-wing humour, honey, it sounds like revelling in right-offness. Maybe it's just been one of those normal everyday misunderstandings between your comp section and your ideological purity collective.

I feel you should come clean. It can only do the paper and the country good.

Play on camp

John Clark, London E7

I am writing a play on the Basque children's camp which was set up in Stoneham in 1937 to house refugees from the civil war in Spain. If any readers have stories to tell of the Stoneham Camp I would be very grateful if they would contact me at 205 Ham Park Road, London E7.

SOGAT • AUEW • NUJ • NGA
MY DAD HELPED MR MURDOCH MAKE MILLIONS.
NOW HE WANTS TO PUT HIM ON THE DOLE.
DON'T LET HIM.
DON'T BUY
THE SUN, NEWS OF THE WORLD,
TIMES AND SUNDAY TIMES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BBC

THE COMFORT OF SOAP

Soap plots are simple morality tales of modern times, writes HILARY KINGSLEY, seasoned watcher of them all, from the glitzy melodrama of Dynasty *to the gritty sagas favoured in Britain*

SUCCESSFUL TELEVISION is soap opera now. More people watch melodramatic running drama series than watch quizzes, game shows, comedy or sport.

What's the reason for this and should someone be worried? Me, for instance? I've been puzzling this since the viewing figures for Christmas television showed that 23 million people watched the Fowlers of *EastEnders* track down their run-away teenage son in Southend on Christmas Eve. The makers of all the tinsel-topped, elaborate programmes were wasting their time.

So the first question is an easy one. In the Middle Ages religion was the glue of society. Today television is the binding agent which helps us cohere. And the sticky quintessence of tellyglue is the soap opera. To watch the soaps is an act of social piety, a declaration that we share the beliefs, hopes, fears and prejudices of the rest of Western mankind.

Or, to put it another way, one that won't get me into Pseuds' Corner, people watch soaps, care and talk about soaps as a shared experience. Just as a belief in heaven helped make medieval peasant life bearable, a diet of soap opera brings solace, warmth, belief in tomorrow to the lonely, the unemployed, the futureless.

Out of soap cometh forth hope. JR is the soapiate of the people.

We stick together through our half belief in one or several continuing fictional worlds. Popular newspapers spread the glue by featuring leaks and rumours about soap plots to come, gossip and interviews with the actors. When a series teases with a whodunnit or a will-she, won't-she guessing game, bookmakers, radio disc jockeys and other TV programmes row themselves in too. The soap characters become a special royalty, loved and chided.

The way soap series work this trick on us is to present us all the time with versions of one story: Family At War. At different times we're apparently watching dramas of love, hate, jealousy, struggle, birth, marriage, divorce or death. In fact it's the family from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different angles. No one member is ever more important than the group.

Watching, we understand because we know about family life, if not now, in the past. If we grew up outside a family unit for some reason, or we are presently alone, we can hardly fail to know what we've missed or now lack. What we see intrigues us because we compare the experiences of the soap families with our own and those of other people.

MOST SOAP OPERAS are built around one main family living close together. There are always at least three generations — grandparents, parents (possibly with former spouses), children and stepchildren — plus family retainers and friends.

The two most popular American soap series here, *Dallas* and *Dynasty*, both glossy accounts of super rich life, take togetherness further. In each there is a mansion the size of Claridges (with gardens, swimming pools, stables and tennis courts round the back). The family live there, sharing the same breakfast table and cocktail cabinet. Even when the plot leads one son or daughter to hate another's guts, he or she does not pack and buy a house down the road. The family must live, work and fight together.

In *EastEnders*, the most popular home-made soap opera, the Beale-Fowler family is the bedrock: Grandma Lou, middle-aged children Pauline and Pete, their children and friends. Similarly the Sugden family is at the centre of things in *Emmerdale Farm*, Yorkshire TV's answer to radio's 35-year-old saga, *The Archers*, based, of course, on the Archer dynasty.

Within this framework, there can be head-of-the-family power struggles as the ways of the grandparents clash with those of the children. The existence of several branches means the constant possibility of the arrival of long-lost brothers, sisters, cousins and other relatives.

In American series, long-lost children are commonplace. Joan Collins's Alexis seems especially careless in this respect. Kidnapped, fostered or hidden babies return after about 20 years' absence with the happy knack of instant adjustment. But the 'you-don't-really love me, mother' area is a fertile one. And which child has not felt jealousy of a sibling at some time? Certainly none in soap opera.

Week in, year out we see these families operating as teams against other secondary familes and individuals who threaten the stability of the main group. In *Dallas*, JR Ewing and his brothers fight an unending feud with the Barnes family, an inferior group on several counts not the least being that the Barnes' are less rich. Usually the basic fault is that the secondary family didn't stick together through thick and thin storylines.

In *Dynasty* the rival family has recently been invented — the Colbys — and given a series of their own. Other than that, trouble has come from the jealous machinations of the Carrington patriarch's first wife, Alexis, and the intrusions of unmarried lovers, notably one son's gay lover.

The Colby rivals are richer than the Carringtons but signs are they are less stable. One of the Colby older generation, played by veteran screen villainess Barbara Stanwyck, has just endowed Jeff, the nephew she hasn't seen for yonks, with $500 million worth of company stock. (It was a decision which took a full five minutes' deliberation.) Wimpish Jeff becomes potent at a stroke. When last seen he was trying to find the right sexy frown to go with it.

In other soaps, especially the home-made ones the family is a community. There *are* actual families but there is a bigger team of people working together, depending on each other and keeping going, based in a well defined place. There is the Midlands-based motel, the setting for *Crossroads*, 21 years old, changing but still strong. There is the Northern working-class backwater of *Coronation Street*, the nation's favourite series for 25 years until the emergence of *EastEnders* last year. And there's the newly-built crescent of detached homes, *Brookside*, Channel Four's soap.

BABY ANGUISH is big in soap. Babies rarely, if ever, arrive planned by two happy parents nine months after normal sex. Often the paternity of the baby is in doubt and of compelling interest — hence the huge interest in *EastEnders* when 'Dirty Den' was revealed as the father of schoolgirl Michelle's baby.

The pregnancy often results from a night of madness, an act of violence, or is a mistake because the mother is too old, too delicate, too poor or too harassed. Pregnant soap women are always high-risk cases. *Crossroads*' Glenda was a guinea-pig test-tube mum. They fall off horses and down stairs. (Both, if you're Krystle Carrington, the moist-eyed madonna of *Dynasty*.) They miscarry and doctors tell them they may never be pregnant again. They give birth in dangerous places without medical help. The newborn's life frequently hangs in the balance during tense scenes in Intensive Care — ordinary hospital wards are right out of fashion, you'll have noticed.

In *Dynasty*, baby Christina was born at home on satin sheets, had no umbilical cord and survived only after several major operations involving about 30 specialists from around the world.

In *EastEnders*, little Martin Fowler (Lou's grandson and the unplanned child of frazzled, fortyish Pauline) had a tummy bug and was rushed to hospital on his Christening day. It was just as worrying. And when toddler Hassan, son of the *EastEnder*'s cafe owner and his wife, died a cot death, gnarled old TV critics cried.

Fidelity in marriage is another main soap theme. Some of *Coronation Street*'s finest hours were spent portraying Deirdre Barlow's adultery with Mike Baldwin, the Street's Mr Flash. Her lapse was punished — she was unhappy and her husband Ken was seen to suffer greatly. Now, as this series struggles to regain it's top position, the writers have devised another Ken-Mike battle. This time the Barlow family's stability is threatened by Mike's affair with Ken's daughter Susan. Few men or women, married or not, with or without a beautiful young daughter, could fail to grasp the seriousness of this dilemma.

Sex before or outside marriage is the lesser crime. Home-wrecking is the affront.

SO THE VALUES of soap opera are fairly clear and similar on both sides of the Atlantic: conservative, Christian and reactionary. Soap opera is very moral. Cleanliness is still next to Godliness.

But is soap a sneaky sort of Sunday school? Are we in danger of being brainwashed? Don't scoff, my intelligent reader. Among viewers to *Crossroads*, the lowest-brow home-made soap, 22 per cent are ABC1 people. It's likely that the more gritty *EastEnders* has many more viewers in this socio-economic group and far more than *Crossroads*' proportion of 20 per cent viewers under 25 years.

I'd suggest a watchdog body be formed — SWAPP (Soap Watchers Against Pernicious Propaganda) — but Mary Whitehouse might muscle in and we'd be worse off.

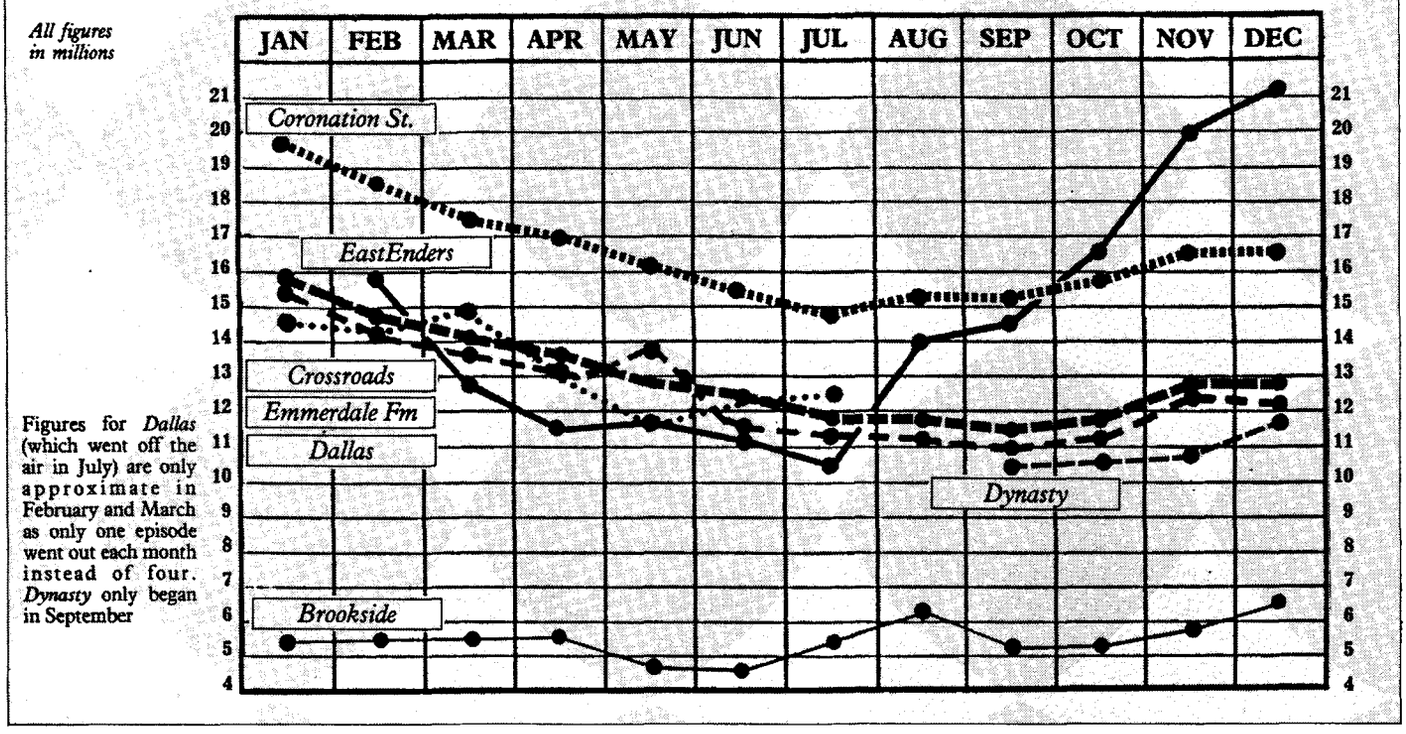
Soap plots are simple morality tales of modern times. Good characters taste happiness, suffer pain but survive to be happy again — though only briefly of course. Bad characters — of whom there are few — come to bad ends. Flawed characters are often saved by good ones or good examples, or they are taken to vaguely defined institutions for 'help'.

In the American sagas the melodrama is heightened. Budgets are bigger so characters do more. They take disaster-packed trips and are led into sinfulness in exotic surroundings. It makes the plots more absurd, the characters more cartoon-like but no less compelling.

In the American series shown in Britain — *Dynasty*, *Dallas*, *Hotel*, *Falcon Crest*, almost all the people are well-heeled, well-housed and well-dressed. Rags to riches backgrounds are sometimes lightly sketched in; we rarely see the rags. Perhaps poorer people are confined to their many police and detective series, playing the problems. If soap series about working-class people exist, they don't travel. (And the sinking ratings for *Dallas* and *Dynasty* suggest that viewers can become sated with imported, improbable glamour.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1985 ratings for soaps in Britain



In Britain we favour 'ordinary' people, living in small houses, often worried about their lack of money — the Ogdens of *Coronation Street*, the Fowlers of *EastEnders*, for example. We do have posher soaps — *Howard's Way*, about middle-class boatbuilders — and two are in the pipeline, *Legacy* and *WestEnders*. But so far none has been a true, year-round soap.

American theorists say the soap characters have to be rich and beautiful. It's consoling, they argue, for untalented, unlovely, hard-up housewives to see the confusion and suffering of, say, Victoria Principal's pea-brained Pam of *Dallas* or Linda Evans's constantly crying Krystle of *Dynasty*.

Both these actresses and indeed most of the American soap glamourpusses are over 40. They play victims whose goodness Sees Them Through. Strong Women who survive are very important to British soaps, too. The late Noel Gordon's Meg Mortimer, Godmother of *Crossroads*, was loved and revered despite being dull, humourless and cold. What she had was stamina. She coped. Burn the place down, she coped. Kill off her husbands, she coped. Have her daughter run off, her grandchildren made to live abroad, she pulled herself together and coped.

Matriarchs such as *EastEnders*' Lou Beale, *Emmerdale Farm*'s Annie Sugden may be miserable ratbags, but we respect them. Long-suffering mums, we admire. Teenage girls can go off the rails — Michelle and Sharon in *EastEnders*, for example. But we forgive them if they love their mums, dads or grans.

Script bosses (usually men) favour plots in which tough-talking women are put down. So Bet Lynch, *Coronation Street*'s barmaid, is a perpetual loser both in love and in work. Hilda Ogden, the Street's char, not only lives at number 13 she has 'unlucky' stamped through her like Blackpool rock.

Only megalomaniac Alexis in *Dynasty* ever succeeds in sex and business presumably because in America the tough woman tycoon is a fact. But Alexis wins only half the time. And even she can't stop a husband pegging out seconds after the wedding ceremony.

When characters who aren't Baddies go against the rules of conventional family life, their acts must be accompanied by grief and worry. A character can decide to divorce but must agonise about it for several episodes — the equivalent of a lifetime. Couples do occasionally flaunt convention and live together but one of them is always yearning for the wedding. And there's always a nice wedding coming up somewhere on the soapwaves.

WHILE THE FAMILY must be shown always just winning through new threats to its stability, there must be no hint of a real threat to the public status quo. So *Dynasty*'s recent Massacre in Moldavia was shown as a simple act of mass wickedness. There was no questioning about the fitness of the overthrown regime — King Galen may have been a tyrant, his son Prince Mince was evidently a playboy. But the Moldavian Revolution was a Bad Thing because it upset the existing order.

In British soaps, the Falklands, Northern Ireland, elections never happen. No one ever puts a point of view. It makes conversation in the many pubs and bars unnatural. In the early days of *Coronation Street* Ken Barlow was a pacifist leftie. Now every character is a wet liberal. It will be interesting to see if anyone in the more 'realistic' *EastEnders* will have a party political voice when Britain next goes to the polls.

But in America, as in Britain, the rule now is that politics don't come into it. Except, that is, that 'it's Politics that cause all the trouble'. By making its centre the family, where all members can be equal, soap operas dissolve the tensions of the real world. Real differences in power between rich and poor, bosses and workers, are never long in focus. Even at the Crossroads motel, a workplace, conflicts arise in the characters' homes, seldom at work. There was a strike — the first — last year. Not over pay but over a stolen pendant.

So soap brings confirmation of what we all know. Loving your family is important. Getting money is important. Losing loved ones and losing your possessions are tragedies but pulling yourself together and carrying on is a triumph.

Rich oilman Blake Carrington gives his wife a diamond necklace about twice a month. It makes her happy. When he faces financial ruin, she sells her jewels and tells him she never cared for those things really and she loves him still. It makes him happy and strong.

Life goes on. □

Hilary Kingsley is the television critic on The Mirror.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Camera Press

S.S. Oberleutnant Hosler stands by a British Movietone news microphone to make his statement after the liberation of Belsen

In memoriam

Bernard Crick

The Holocaust: the Jewish Tragedy
MARTIN GILBERT *Collins* £17.50

NOT JUST the numbers — the dispute between the four million and the six million school is between the figure for probable deaths in the camps and that for Jews who had simply vanished from the face of the earth by the end of the Second World War; the massacres in Cambodia were on much the same scale and so, over many more years, were those in the Gulag — no, it is not just the numbers but the sheer, cold-blooded intentionality of the Holocaust that makes the horror unique. That a deliberate act of state policy, code-named 'the Final Solution', turned concentration camps into extermination camps was a well-kept secret. Himmler warned his S.S. commanders that ordinary German people were not yet ready to stomach the truth; they must carry the burden themselves of cleansing the bloodstock of Europe.

When a few eye-witnesses escaped, they were not believed. It was all too incredible. One does not have to impute anti-Semitism to high British and American intelligence officers. Who would not suspect that it was a trick of the Jewish Agency to open up Palestine to unlimited immigration when Britain was, sensibly if ineptly, trying to balance Arab and Jewish interests? The vast majority of Jews did not know what was happening. The debate about the extent of resistance has been confused with the debate about precognition of the true purpose of the camps. Hundreds of thousands walked into the gas chambers thinking that they were the communal showers and delousing stations of a prison camp. Many, of course, died outside the camps: lined up in Poland or Russia alongside huge ditches that they had themselves dug, and then shot down. A handful of women and children escaped from under the bodies and somehow lived sane enough to tell the tale, to bear witness. And, as Martin Gilbert himself gives the figures, about ten million other non-combatants were killed by the Nazis. He correctly says that it was only the Jews who were in process of total elimination, but Slavs who lived on lands planned for a 'Greater Germany' were earmarked and in Germany itself tens of thousands of gypsies, homosexuals, 'mental defectives' and politicals had already been executed in the concentration camps even before 'the Final Solution' was undertaken and the gas ovens — and all the bureaucratic infra-structure they demanded — were invented.

In the 1950s many thoughtful books were written seeking painfully both to describe and to try to explain what happened. Then the trial of Eichmann in 1962 stimulated another wave of research and writing, with controversy about the amount of prior knowledge and of resistance. Obviously the civic spirit of historians in the young State of Israel wanted to see continuities with the past, to try to eliminate the old image of the passive, witnessing, suffering Jew disseminated both by the orthodox and by Christian opinion. I suspect that few students of history and the social sciences now read the literature on the camps with the intensity that some of us did in the post-war generation. The concerns of scholarly activists move on. But the Holocaust haunts European imagination. Consider the almost pornographic appeal of D. M. Thomas's novel *The White Hotel*, whose descriptions are all too accurate, or the equally terrible but perhaps more thoughtful *Schindler's Ark*.

So it may well be time for another attempt at an authoritative non-fiction. Martin Gilbert (who is the official Churchill biographer and author of several books on Israel and on modern Jewish history) tells us that his book 'is an attempt to draw on the nearest of the witnesses, those closest to the destruction, and through their testimony to tell something of the suffering of those who perished and are forever silent.' And that he does: he tells of the suffering using only authentic witnesses, from German as well as Jewish sources. Some of the accounts are still almost unbearable to read: the writhing in the mass graves, the hurling of mothers and babies from the windows of a ghetto hospital on to bayonets below, the smashing of jaws to draw out gold teeth from the mounds of the gassed — not nightmares, actuality. If you have not read such accounts before, you now should. We *can* do such things to each other. We *can* use the powers and weapons we have. We are not always restrained by reason. It went beyond reason. Goering complained at his trial that it was all a terrible waste of resources during a war.

Nine hundred pages of horror, however, demand some explanation of that horror. To explain what happened is still one of the central questions of our time, however out of fashion. But only ten pages at the beginning offer even a brief historical background in place of any explanation, mainly about traditional Christian anti-Semitism. This cannot be an adequate explanation. Anti-Semitism, like all forms of race, class or sex prejudice, is evil. But such prejudices on their own do not lead to plans to eliminate the despised group. Racial prejudice is bad but it is not enough to make someone a racist. Anti-Semitism was certainly a necessary precondition for the Holocaust, but far from a sufficient condition. A lot more has to be said both about Europe after the First World War and about the origins and specific commitments of Nazi ideology. We all still have difficulty in believing that racists can mean what they say, that racialism cannot be reduced to considerations of economic or of national interest. Goering was right. The whole thing was a liability to German national interests; but so was Nazism: the gangster never quite understood the ideologue.

In expressing grave doubts about the sense and meaning of 'a pure description of suffering', with photographs, I know I will cause offence. But it must be said. The book will encourage those who want to say that all anti-Semitism must lead to Nazism — which is historically false. All discrimination is not even oppression, let alone a prelude to mass murder. And there is an even worse syllogism among some Jews: all persistent critics of the policies of the State of Israel are anti-Semitic; all anti-Semites are crypto-fascist, therefore all critics are crypto-fascist. This argument is quite as disreputable as that of those PLO sympathisers who say that if you disbelieve in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Israeli cause then you should doubt the scale, even the very existence, of the Holocaust.

Far from being 'a masterpiece of historical writing', as the blurb says, this book is bad history in that it contains no attempt whatever to explain why all this happened or even how. Eye-witnesses are, after all, often the last to know what is really happening and why. This is a false 'authenticity', more aimed to please 'Book of the Month Club' selection in New York than historians. Gilbert does not even introduce the general reader to any of the older literature that attempted to explain the camps: Arendt, Bettelheim, Bracher, Cohn, Reitlinger etc. And he deals with the historically and morally difficult question of 'resistance' in one muddled rhetorical flourish in the last paragraph: 'Even passivity was a form of resistance'. Will his Israeli friends thank him for that? □

FICTION

Tales of ten nights

Sheila MacLeod

The Women's Decameron
JULIA VOZNESENSKAYA *Quartet* £9.95
Back in the First Person
KATHY PAGE *Virago* £8.95 & £3.95
Entering Fire
RIKKI DUCORNET *Chatto* £9.95 & £3.95
The Bus of Dreams
MARY MORRIS *Hamish Hamilton* £10.95
Guests in the Body
MICHELENE WANDOR *Virago* £8.95 & £3.50

HAVING BEEN FIRST imprisoned and then exiled, Voznesenskaya left Leningrad for West Germany in 1980. Her extraordinary novel, **The Women's Decameron**, is the most pleasurable read I have had in many a long, dry month. As with any novel of this calibre, the impulse is to say nothing but read it, read it for yourself: it is utterly fascinating, compelling and so absorbing that, if you have to put it down for any mundane reason, you will be surprised to find yourself here in the dear old UK rather than in the midst of everyday life in the Soviet Union. However, I'll do my best to convey something of its matter, method and flavour.

Ten women, who apparently have nothing more in common than that they have all just given birth in a Leningrad clinic, are unexpectedly quarantined together for ten days. Each night each woman undertakes to tell a story on some previously-chosen subject: first love, rape, revenge, jealousy, money, betrayal, happiness, noble deeds or sex in absurd situations. The women themselves include a theatre director, a tramp, a dissident and a Party stalwart. But the divisions are stylised rather than schematic, evoking a collective but variegated feminine sensibility. Although many of the stories tell of hardship or disaster, others are funny, absurd or touching and all are imbued with that peculiar strength which comes from accepting life in all its tragi-farcical vicissitudes. Acceptance and endurance are what these women really have in common, and it is a delight to follow their progress from all sorts of mutual mistrust to a sort of bonding-in-tolerance which has nothing to do with ideology (not even the feminist or dissident varieties) and everything to do with being a woman. It is an intimate world, startlingly frank about personal and social relationships and, as such, reveals more about Soviet life than anything to be read in a newspaper.

Kathy Page's **Back in the First Person** tells a story to be found all too commonly in our newspapers. A young woman is raped and succeeds in bringing her attacker to trial, only to have him found not guilty. If he is innocent, then she has been lying, is indeed the guilty party. Although the woman's name is also Cath (with a C) I can only hope that this is not an autobiographical account because the psychological damage incurred is devastating. The novel begins in the first person and, as Cath begins to lose a sense of herself, modulates into the third. It is only a year later that she can tentatively begin to call herself I again. In both personae the narrative voice is relentless: not in dwelling upon its own pain, but in the courage to face that pain and honesty in exploring it. Cath strikes me as a person with a more than average need for privacy and separateness. The tension between this need and the equally pressing one towards self-revelation in the interests of proving her integrity — together with the lucid, unpretentious writing — make this a very impressive first novel indeed.

Rikki Ducornet's **Entering Fire** is not entirely without pretentiousness. It is a bizarre tale of a French aristocratic father and son, Lamprias and Septimus de Bergerac. Lamprias, whom we are clearly supposed to endorse as hero, is a sensualist obsessed with orchids and spends most of his time around the Amazon cavorting with whores or deflowering native virgins. Septimus is mother-fixated, syphilitic and eventually becomes a staunch Nazi, supporting the German Occupation. This being presumably a fable, the two men are, like everyone else in the book, caricatures rather than characters. Ducornet is tremendously erudite and writes with both grace and ease, so this novel too is pleasurable to read. But only those who believe that Fascism is a direct result of frustrated sexuality will find its thesis either credible or profound.

The stories in **The Bus of Dreams** are set in two Americas, North and Central, and the latter work better. It is indeed a relief to come upon a Latin America which is not beset with the bizarreries of magical realism. The title story is about Raquel's search for her beautiful sister who has run off to Panama City in hopes of becoming a film star, but is later discovered hustling in a bar frequented by US Marines. In 'Shining Path' an American photographer befriends Ramon, an itinerant youth, only to prompt the request that she take him back with her to the US. Typically the stories are about hopes and dreams which, if often disappointed, sometimes give way to a more realistic appraisal of the possible. Mary Morris writes flowingly and with a directness which should not be mistaken for simplicity: neither her observations nor her conclusions are necessarily easy ones.

Guests in the Body is an uneven collection of stories, the best of which are dramatic monologues. I liked especially 'Nell Gwynne with Cardigan', a rumbustious speech by a quasi-Joan Littlewood character, although I disliked its flip ending. Other stories come decked with quotations from Borges but are not serious enough, do not have the substance, to warrant the seriousness with which they are presented. Michelene Wandor writes best when furthest removed from her own persona. Otherwise the narrative voice can attain an embarrassing tone of narcissism. She should find Browning a more profitable mentor than Borges. □

ALLEN & UNWIN

The Ties that Bind

Intelligence Co-operation between the UKUSA Countries

Jeffrey Richelson and Desmond Ball

This is the first book to analyse the secret intelligence co-operation treaty between the United Kingdom, the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and its global and national implications. It describes not only the inner workings of the major security and intelligence agencies in the participating countries and the world-wide network of signals intelligence stations (SIGINT), but also the way in which the UKUSA community use their facilities to eavesdrop on both monitoring dissent in other countries, and also on each other and the inefficiency, ineffectiveness and irresponsibility which characterises many of their operations.

004 3270921 234 x 156mm 430pp Hardback £19.95

UK Office: PO Box 18, Park Lane, Hemel Hempstead, Herts HP2 4TE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unilluminated

Steven Rose

The Life of Ernst Chain: Penicillin and Beyond
RONALD W. CLARK *Weidenfeld* £14.95

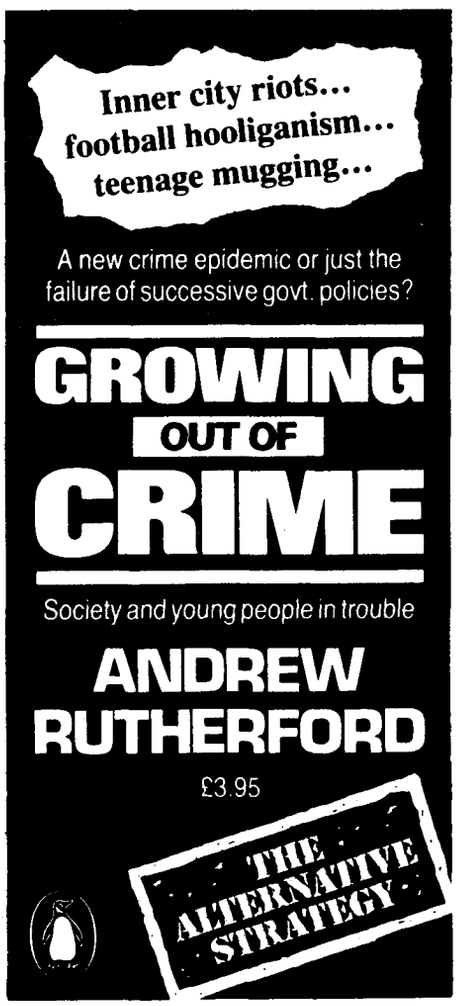
'HITLER WAS RIGHT,' Ernst Chain said to me once, pacing the floor of his Imperial college office, 'but he picked the wrong people: he should have stuck to the Slavs and left the Jews alone.' Not exactly the sentiment one expects a Jewish Nobel Prizewinner to express to a young Jewish post-doc. But then Chain was not a moderate man.

Russo-German in origin and born in Berlin in 1906, he was part of that wave of emigré Jewish biochemists who arrived in England in the late 1930s. He ended in Oxford, working for (he would say despite) Howard Florey on the purification and production of penicillin and, Nobeled by the age of 39, left Britain in disgust at the inadequate recognition he felt he was given to set up a major microbiological research and production facility in Rome. He returned in the Sixties as head of the vast new department of biochemistry at Imperial College.

A small man with flowing hair and moustache in the Einsteinian style, he cultivated his image of wayward scientific and musical genius with a shrewd eye to the main chance. He had built a penthouse flat above his South Kensington department big enough for family, faithful aunt, maid, valet, and grand piano; long before the present push for university-industry liaison began, he created a portfolio of industrial consultancies. Perhaps a liberal in his youth, he moved progressively to the right (including expressed support for the South African regime) and towards a strongly expressed Zionism.

Ronald Clark faithfully describes these moves without ever probing too deeply below the surface of Chain as a man. This book is the latest in Clark's sequence of scientific biographies, but must have been one of the hardest to write; Chain died only in 1979 and the book was clearly written under the watchful eye of his family. The result is a story told almost entirely in the public realm: the twists and turns of the penicillin saga, including the ultimate move of its production to the Us at the height of the 1939-45 war; the controversies with Florey and Fleming (the original discovery of penicillin); and his battles to control the succession to the Chair at Imperial after he retired in 1973. All these are well told. Left unexplored are reasons why he left his family (except his aunt) in Nazi Germany, and either the personal or the scientific side of his marriage and scientific collaboration with Anne Beloff.

And Clark is too inclined to take Chain at his own valuation. But for the early success with penicillin (how much an individual, how much a team triumph depends on who tells the story) Chain was not scientifically very productive. The time in Italy ended in financial scandal; having raised the money for the Imperial College department, he lacked the decisiveness to staff it and it remained relatively empty until his retirement; his errors of scientific judgment, such as his hostility to molecular biology, now, ironically his old department's greatest strength — all these are tactfully skated over by Clark. Chain was a controversial man; his biographer's circumspection leaves him enigmatic. □



MAGAZINES

Door-stepping

David Berry

IN A JANUARY issue of **Militant**, there is a heart-warming story entitled 'A chat, a cup of tea and an MIR'. 'We have found in Stevenage', the story starts, with promise, 'that many workers have a thirst for the *Militant International Review*.' After a 'chat on the doorstep', the author continues, they 'snap up a copy. The next week you go round you get invited in for a cup of tea and a lengthy discussion.' And then, the *coup de grace*: 'Incidentally, when you sell the Autumn issue go back a couple of weeks later and you will find it easy to sell the summer issue for the first part of the history of Bolshevism.'

Ah, if it was only so easy. Most radical publications do not have such clever and confident salespeople and one wonders if they would sell more copies if they had. The first issue in two years of **Anarchy** (90p from 84b Whitechapel High St, London E1) contains even less promise of council estate appeal, if that is possible, than a two-parter on the Bolsheviks. The magazine's three major features are on a Spanish anti-anarchist *agent provocateur*, the links between Fascism and sociobiology and documents from European urban guerrillas. It is not the kind of thing to read over a mere cup of tea and, indeed, stronger stuff might be needed to take in **Class War** (30p, from the same address) with its similar and slightly sinister applause for revolutionary violence if this publication was not so silly and so funny. The younger *Class War* supporters seem to be all heart and little head, the older Anarchy collective, the opposite.

Head of a very different kind can be found in the **New Humanist**, the quarterly journal of the Rationalist Press Association (Islington High St, N1) which produced its centenary issue last autumn. Editor Nicolas Walter, an anarchist I believe but of a very different kind from the above, has brought together a wide range of 'liberal' opinion for this special issue — Naomi Mitchison, Dora Russell, Antony Flew, Conor Cruise O'Brien, for example — and if this magazine feels as if it could have been produced any time over the last 50 years (there appear to be no contributors under 40) it is perhaps none the worse for that.

The problem with the *New Humanist* is that humanism is not a sufficiently strong principle to unite people with different political views. When Bernard Crick writes that he knows 'plenty of decent conservatives, still, who have respect and compassion for their fellow human beings', I imagine many *New Stateman* readers would agree. The difficulty is, as Professor Crick is no doubt aware, that such moral virtues can exist easily with social and political action that has very immoral consequences.

Such difficulties are of little concern to **International** (60p, from PO Box 503, London NI) whose first issue came out shortly before Christmas. Here the emphasis is on structural consequence rather than moral intention. So Neil Kinnock's Labour Party Conference speech was an appeal to the 'ruling class, the establishment and sections of the middle class'. The magazine continues in a similar vein analysing the Tottenham Riots and CND and, for those who like that kind of thing, works well enough.

My own preference this quarter is for radical publications with much smaller aims than the above. **Rural Socialism** (25p, from 9 Poland St, London W1) is a new newsletter which makes a welcome attempt to unite ecological issues with farmworking reality. **Phoenix** (50p, from 128 Mildmay Road, London N8) is an occasional collection of poems and articles from mentally ill patients. **Bi-monthly** (60p, from LBG BM BI, London WC1) is more than just a 'magazine for bisexuals'. Its news and articles about sexuality and sexual politics from women and men have much wider appeal. And, strangely enough, I could see it going down quite well in Stevenage. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shorter reviews

An End to Laughter? Tribal Peoples and Economic Development
ed. MARCUS COLCHESTER *Survival International* (29 Craven Street, London WC2) £4.95

Any writer looking for the great theme that ranges the globe and the disciplines could well jot down: Development and the Decline of Diversity. The opus could take in everything that has pressed us towards a uniform way of life — including Bougainville's voyages, factory labour, electricity, syndicated strip cartoons and the abiding disasters reported in this book.

It deals with efforts to defend various indigenous peoples against encroachments conceived by and for more populous societies, apt to send the tribes into the extinction whence the Greatest Good of the Greatest Number has already consigned the Siboney, the Yaghan, the Chimu and peoples whose names the penetrant societies did not even note as they muscled through, about their business.

In this latest paperback of Survival International's series,a main chapter reports on a scheme to build a pair of hydro-electric dams in central India which would flood out 99,000 people, about half of whom are members of Scheduled Tribes. Cultural and environmental destruction has been almost ignored.

From Amazonian Ecuador comes news of a struggle by tribes to retain their land against oil companies that not only grab stretches of forest but also befoul rivers with their leaky pipes. This well controlled account tells also of inter-tribal disrespect and covetousness. In passing, Stephen Corry neatly heads off the argument that the pro-indigenous movement is a ploy by the Right to continue the separation of the tribals, peasants and the urban proletariat — if the differences are to be swept away, who is to become like whom?

Also included is a sensible detailing of the Sandinistas' obtuseness towards the Miskitu people of Nicaragua, loony chauvinism in Venezuela obstructing help for jungle-dwellers in the south and encouraging word of how high-level lobbying in Washington persuaded the World Bank to withhold funds from the Polonoroeste project in Amazonian Brazil because of inadequate regard for tribes in the area.

Most amazing of all is the story from Namibia of the Kalahari Bushmen, dumped in a reserve by the Botswana frontier and allowed to stay on condition they stick to hunting and gathering. They want to raise animals but the local administration sees the Bushmen as a tourist attraction, or 'leisure object' as the author has it.

All the contributors to the book turn in competent, clear and committed reports, written in a mixture of the scholarly and the hopping mad, that put many *laissez-passer* anthropologists to shame.

Robert del Quiaro

Reflections in a Writer's Eye
ANGUS WILSON *Secker* £9.95

In his introduction to this collection of brilliant travel pieces Angus Wilson explains that he has included nothing about the foreign country that has meant most to him, France where he now lives, and little about the US, also of great personal importance. There are two British pieces, one on Brighton, revealing that delightful town as a historical/cultural palimpsest, and the other on the Channel Islands, which are described with an informed sympathy.

Wilson is, I'm glad to say, the opposite of recent travel writers who seem actually to exult in their lack of positive beliefs and to approach their subject matter wearing a conceited sneer. He is uninterested in self-presentation, never ashamed to be lyrical and enthusiastic and hopeful, to seek information and impart it. He tries to start a dialogue with each place he visits. All these qualities are there in his marvellous essay on India, 'New and Old on the Grand Trunk Road'. How right he surely is to say that we of the West have projected on to Indian poverty (or rather on to our own protestations about it) our guilt for poverty, so much less easy to explain within our own societies. At the same time he gives us heart-searching vignettes of the life of the poor in India.

But for me the finest essay in the book is 'Confessions of a Zoo Lover', especially valuable for those interested in Wilson's fictions, since animals play such a vital role in his work and not just in *The Old Men at the Zoo*. He praises the humane zoo as 'increasingly the only means left of learning some respect and humility before other than human ways of living; the only means of learning pleasure in the existence of what is not the same as ourselves, and so perhaps learning more tolerance for other human beings . . .' Respect for the varieties of life is the core of Wilson's gospel.

It comes across in his humour as well as in his more sombre observations. There is much in *Reflections in a Writer's Eye* to cause laughter, of a curiously tender kind. I much enjoyed the Indian government clerk who gave the author a dramatic 'presentation' of Mr Gladstone's death and the Maharajah who proudly showed him the contents of his dirty linen basket; and the two jostling slogans seen in Arizona — 'God, Guns and Guts' and 'Have You Hugged a Homosexual Today?' — hilarious evidence of the confusions of our strange world.

Paul Binding

Feminism in France: From May '68 to Mitterrand
CLAIRE DUCHEN *Routledge* £6.95

It isn't only for our helicopters that we tend to look to the West. For our feminist theory and practice, too, we peer far more eagerly across the Atlantic and Pacific than we do across the Channel. From France, specifically, only Simone de Beauvoir has made a broad impact here — while, among the more esoteric theorists, Julia Kristéva's is one of the very few names to be heard with much frequency. Claire Duchen's lucid and succinct account is therefore both timely and valuable.

There are, of course, many parallels with here. French feminism grew most obviously from women's involvement and subsequent disaffection with the male-run, radical, political movements of the Sixties. Its internal conflicts have centred around the political significance of lesbianism, the relevance to it of socialism and the meaning (if any) of a 'feminine nature'. Differences, however, do exist. Roman Catholicism, for instance, has given a particular urgency in France to contraception and abortion issues, while French women's failure to acquire the vote until 1944 (as much because of leftist fears that women were naturally reactionary as rightist ones that the vote would distract them from their families) has given them an even greater mistrust than ours of party politics. Possibly as a result of this, not only class but race and 'peace' are largely peripheral to their thinking.

But the greatest difference of all is caused by the value generally attributed in France to 'intellectual' pursuits — most relevantly, at the moment, to psychology and semiotics — and perhaps the single most important function of Duchen's account of French feminism is to hack a path through the often impenetrable thickets of its intellectualism: to clarify, in particular, the Lacan-based theories of Julia Kristéva, Luce Irigaray and Hélène Cixous and the influential *Psych et Po* (*Psychanalyse et Politique*) movement.

Paradoxically, Duchen achieves this by having a limited sympathy with where *Psych et Po*, in particular, is going. She defines herself as 'unaligned' and her description of *Psych et Po*'s thinking (peppered as it is with 'they seem to think', 'this seems to mean', etc.) will certainly annoy the cognoscenti. Indeed, in a mere 165 pages, she must have simplified issues, debates and analyses throughout French feminism. But her book still amounts to a useful overview-cum-introduction; while, more generally, raising and exploring issues important not only to feminists but 'post-Sixties' leftists of all kinds: the relationship between theory and practice, between intellectuals and activists and between all diffuse, non-hierarchical political movements and power.

Harriett Gilbert

KaraKush

Afghanistan: a land invaded, a people divided. But it takes more to ravage the soul and dim the courage of a nation.

a novel by IDRIES SHAH

'A unique reading experience... full of incredible, fantastic, heroic stories... what a book!' Doris Lessing

£10.95 575 pp
Collins

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Short sight

Anne Smith

Waugh on Women
JACQUELINE McDONNELL *Duckworth* £19.95

JACQUELINE McDONNELL'S study of Waugh's women characters bears the tell-tale signs of its presumable origin in a doctoral dissertation, which is to say that it is repetitious, long on detail and short on perceptions. Every tree is marked — she musters all the examples she can find from the works to prove each little point — but the sharp view of the forest itself is missing.

Perhaps, to be fair, this is because Waugh's women are at best two-dimensional and his attitude to them was plain as the nose on his face. Quite simply, he didn't like them. Unless they were upper-crust, he took no interest in them whatsoever. It's the old familiar story of the public school influence on a boy who was already undersexed.

Ms McDonnell's conclusions are perfectly sound:

> One has to feel some pity as well as despair for a man who was so obviously crippled. He sees women as adulteresses, as incompetent mothers, as unintelligent, as disfigured by make-up, as ruining stately homes, and in many other unflattering lights. He cannot accept any kind of frailty. Even women being ill nauseates him.

Waugh's heroines, Ms McDonnell argues, are 'attractive and sympathetic in the eyes of the reader' despite all this, because 'They are abstractions'. 'Caricatures' might be closer to the truth — but then, how many of the Bright Young Things upon whom his outrageous women were based were quite deliberately caricatures, two-dimensional, in themselves? One has only to read biographies of the period to realise that the truth was every bit as strange as the fiction.

Ms McDonnell is more superficial than she need be. She skims over the characterisation of Cordelia in *Brideshead*; does not pick up the significance of her own quotation from *Work Suspended* about the house that Plant buys being requisitioned in wartime and 'filled with pregnant women, and through the years bit by bit *befouled* and dismembered' (my italics); quotes Charles Ryder's comment on his first copulation with Julia, in which he describes himself as 'the freeholder of a property I would enjoy and develop at leisure' only to make the more obvious point that it is Brideshead itself with which he is in love; consigns Waugh's 'unhealthy affection' for his daughter Margaret to a footnote; gives a whole chapter to Diana Cooper as the original for Julia Stitch, which is common knowledge, but touches only briefly and uninformatively on the original for Agatha Runcible, Elizabeth Ponsonby; provides a footnote on Sebastian Flyte's teddy bear, listing Sir John Betjeman's, Keith Douglas's and Beverley Nichols's possession of the same displacement object ('Sebastian Flyte was not the only young man to have a teddy bear'); consigns Waugh's deliberate absence from his wife at the births of his seven children to another footnote — and so on.

The habit of lists is catching. There is superficiality too in Ms McDonnell's cataloguing of Waugh's heroines under the headings '*Heroines who use sex-appeal for security*'; '*Heroines whose intelligence is subordinated in favour of the stereotyped role*'; and '*The few heroines who enjoy sex and are "moderns".*' It serves no earthly use either to have the heroines' names listed under 'financial categories', e.g. '*Relaxed about money*'.

Large chunks of this book do not seem to bear much direct relevance to the question of how Waugh presented women. They read on occasion like the exam-paper of a clever student who doesn't know the answer to the set question but does know a lot about other areas of the subject and cunningly but not quite cunningly enough, tries to distract the examiner with that knowledge. *Waugh on Women* says too little at too great length. It is as if Ms McDonnell were contending for Paul Pennyfeather's half-crown, offered to the pupil who wrote 'the longest essay, irrespective of any possible merit'. □

IF IT'S OUT OF PRINT
Our mail-order warehouse has over 100,000 titles in history, economics, politics, social-economic movements. Afro-Asian-Soviet-Latin American affairs, war, revolution, peace, black studies, feminism, trade unions, etc.
We buy libraries and collections on these subjects.
Phone 01-876 7254 or write (s.a.e. please)
Barnes High Street, London SW13 9LR
TRY HAMMERSMITH BOOKS
Since 1948 a world-wide mail order service

Let me introduce myself

Vicki Feaver

A small, roundish chap
with a cool, hard handshake.
I live in Birmingham in what
can only be described as a box.
My life up to now has been
frustratingly unfulfilled.
But things are looking up.
'A marriage has been arranged'
as they say, and is taking place
secretly, somewhere abroad,
in the next couple of weeks.
I can think of nothing else:
the effect no doubt of having
to keep a lid on my ambitions.
There'll be my favourite music,
a faster and faster heart-beat
and wild howls and shrieks,
the smell of bodies in the heat
and tears rolling down even
the uninvited guests' cheeks.
I shall play my role to perfection:
maintaining absolute self-control
until someone pulls the tiny pin
clenched between my teeth.

FILMS

Taking pieces

John Coleman

Dangerous Moves (PG)
Academy One
Marlene (PG)
Electric Screen
Le Cop (18)
Cannon Premiere; Cannon, Tottenham Court Road
The Quiet Earth (15)
Cannon Premiere; Cannon, Baker Street
The Scorpion (18)
Cannon, Panton Street; Cannon, Filmcentre, Charing Cross Road

AS A CHESS IGNORAMUS, cheerily pushing a pawn at a venture, I have won the odd game that left my opponent disgusted. There is a terrible, naughty democracy available on that board. A knight-errant move may seem like a subtle gambit, confounding the rational expectations of a master-player. It is a quiet affair, masking awful wounds, the intellectual equivalent of corral shoot-outs. Only last week our back-page expert, George Botterill, suggested why the USSR is so strong at this shoving around of pieces: 'largely,' he proposed, 'the result of a conscious political decision, taken in the 1930s, to provide government support for the mass diffusion and appreciation of an activity that would have no tendency to encourge drunkenness, vandalism and social disorder.' Alas, then, for that tidy notion. The world has since seen newsworthy global estrangements, with

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Dreamchild Carroll-Dodgson's Alices — fictions, fantasy and fact — collide in scintillating cinema first for Gavin Millar, polishing every facet of original Dennis Potter script. Old Mrs Hargreaves, née Liddell (superb Coral Browne), has bad, lyric, macabre 1932 centenary NY trip, memory's whirligig halting on late-learned love (Ian Holm, Amelia Shankley).

A Chorus Line Richard Attenborough's valiantly rewarded and rewarding shot at screening the impossible: an audience-participation stage musical. Choreographically updated by Jeffrey Hornaday, it combines exuberant dance, a good song or three, with edgy dialogue. Showbiz loving itself, but for once so what? (Vicki Frederick, Audrey Landers).

Defence of the Realm Fumes of menace rise from David Drury's corrosive if erratic political chiller, written by Martin Stellman, reflecting current home-based concerns. Hoodwinked into disgracing awkward MP, tabloid reporter redemptively opens can of worms as Special Branch hovers (Gabriel Byrne, Denholm Elliott, Greta Scacchi).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alexandre Arbatt contemplates *Dangerous Moves*

Bobby Fischer — that unengaging fluke genius — winning a metaphoric battle for America, as eerily significant as any Star-Wars put-down, before he went reclusive and maundering about the Red Threat.

Richard Dembo's very odd and attractive **Dangerous Moves**, a French first, glares into such developments. An unabashed melodrama, it explores a sort of version of the classic Karpov-Korchnoi encounter, switching participants somewhat. Geneva, 1983, and that Gallic stalwart, Michel Piccoli, plays the ailing Soviet champ Liebskind, set against a young Soviet defector, Fromm (Alexandre Arbatt, in real life a defector, with a box-office Nureyev look to him). We are taken far more behind the events of the mating game — reduced to a few minimal excitements, hyped up by Raoul Coutard's experienced camera — than chess-buffs might expect. The off-board stuff is shown with great zugzwang purpose and weight. Leslie Caron and Liv Ullmann pass through as the contestants' wives; there are anti-Semitic pressures; much more is seen to be at stake than the public business of an uninspired Ruy Lopez opening laid as a deliberate trap. An unusually strong cast (the Polish dream-actor Daniel Olbrychski, the director Bernhard Wicki as perplexed umpire) backs up the foreground, which is frankly never quite on in professional terms. Too few draws, etc. But there is an hypnotic appeal —the film's strength — in what lies behind the chess.

Piccoli is an actor of formidable stature (he even managed to look not too silly in the ultra-chic *Death in a French Garden* of recent note); he has served Bunuel, in his *homme du monde* sadistic persona immaculately; here he imports a presence that is not in his habitual male rut, lending the end a clinical irony and pathos — as he talks moves in an imagined last game — that is nothing less than startling. Alexandre Arbatt, it should be said, mercifully rises to all *his* occasion: a worthy, tormented competitor in a match (I take it to mean) that no one can be said to have won. Games, whether Olympic or one-to-one, are sadly — for those of us who like their freshness and finality (it is never the same game, there is always a result) — not a paradigm of, or panacea for, 'Life'. They are what we play. *Dangerous Moves* highlights that we often play them to the death, that even our sportive pleasures are contaminated.

Which strangely links to Maximilian Schell's diseased documentary around Dietrich: **Marlene**. This is coffin-fodder for the worst kind of film-follower, actor-director Schell's narcissistic 94-minute cosying-up to an off-camera star of the first dimension. Dietrich's voice is heard over, waveringly fuzzed and aged, firmly dismissing most of her career as *drech, kitsch* and worse, while clips from her movies mostly disprove this. But not entirely. She tells manipulative Schell roundly off at one point and, in editing this affair, he seems to have gone a bit sour on her. Unedifying, with — of course — some memorable quotes and moments: utterly unsporting.

Of even lesser note are three films currently unreeling in Cannon cinemas: Cannons to the right of us, Cannons to the left, etc. Claude Zidi's **Le Cop** has plump, persuasive Philippe Noiret nearly doing a redemptive job as a corrupt plain-clothes police inspector whose bribe-taking routine is temporarily disrupted when he's assigned a simon-pure young assistant. Of course, he genially wins this pi fellow over to street-sage *moeurs*, via a loving tart and some (dammit) thoroughly engaging old-style Parisian, easy-come-easy-go locations. No: the burly, spot-on, argotic Paris, where some of us misspent a youth, is what won me — marginally — over. **The Quiet Earth**, flashily directed by Geoff Murphy, is a New Zealand-based s-f downer which makes *On the Beach* look like a masterpiece: last man on the planet, who aided its mysterious depopulation by working with rotten Americans, finds two other relicts, a red-haired girl and a Maori bloke, both heavily emblematic feminist-wise and race-wise. **The Scorpion**, a Dutch job in meaningful shades of blue, weaves uncertainly around a chap back in 1956 tugged into an Indonesian-colonial cover-up. TV does this better nightly. □

H loves R . . . Declare *your* passion, too. See how, on p 40.

DANCE

Theatre in the round

Stephanie Jordan

Goodbye to pure austerity: choreographers are opening out

DIAGHILEV WAS well aware, 60 years ago, that the way to the theatre goer's wallet was via the spectacular and sensational rather than the pure and classical, and the choreographer Balanchine recognised how the appeal of indifferent dance essays was ensured by the introduction of a shot of Picasso or Ravel.

But what was gold for the Ballets Russes has turned to dross today, notably in most of the Royal Ballet's recent integrative efforts. Shrewd production and laser effects may blind the audience to the paucity of musical and choreographic ideas in *Starlight Express*, say, but fine visual artists used at Covent Garden, where they do not intrude or mismatch, appear incapable of even helping the choreography along. The result looks like mere extravagance, one or other partner the poor relation. The method is one that evades the involvement of artists, musicians and choreographers in a central creative process, simply leaving them to produce the separate component parts of a perfectly conventional piece.

The most interesting results of collaboration right now originate outside the mainstream. In Britain, during the 1980s, there has been a marked shift towards collective work across the disciplines. Both theatre designers and fine artists have become involved, this after a period in which many choreographers concentrated on solving motional problems — their work, as a consequence, often in silence and simply dressed according to the model of practice costume. Designers were seldom required.

With confidence gained — and with the knowledge that work which uses the full panoply of theatrical resources, sound and vision is better for box-office and, consequently, more grant-worthy — the shift has been entirely natural. Some choreographers have, in any case, been enticed back again to narrative; others have demanded more specific environments for their dance.

It is perhaps not surprising that those choreographers who, in the Seventies, thought hardest about the identity and functions of their art have proved the most stimulating when they have invited musicians and designers to join them: choreographers like Richard Alston, Siobhan Davies, Rosemary Butcher and Ian Spink. Of all these, it is Spink whose collaborations have been at once the most democratic and the most daring and Second Stride, the formidable quartet of which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he forms a part with Antony McDonald (design), Orlando Gough (music) and Peter Mumford (lighting), has just premiered a fourth substantial work at the Arnolfini, Bristol.

Spink and one or more of this fraternity have met up for other theatre and opera projects and it's my guess that these men don't see any firm dividing lines between the genres that they tackle, perhaps merely a subtle shift of balance as they move from one project to another. The creation of the latest, *Bösendorfer Waltzes*, required an unusual level of attendance of all parties at rehearsals and meetings, one that other artists might have found oppressive. But the product is a bravura of resonance between music, movement, visual and textual imagery.

The conception is unusual, denying one of the foundations upon which we are educated to perceive most theatre: that all the reference is present in the piece or, at least, in the programme. The surrealists changed all that long ago with images that defied interpretation until commentators invoked dreams and Freud to explain them away. This sense of unfathomable logic is a major feature of *Bösendorfer Waltzes*. From a fascinating pre-performance talk by Sarah Rubidge and other personal snoopings, I discovered vast complexity, historic, literary and musical allusion of which only an audience with the most encyclopaedic knowledge of 20th-century art would be aware in performance.

Thus you probably won't instantly recognise the literary voices of Bunuel, Dali or Tzara, or be aware that Stravinsky's *The Firebird*, in its original Bakst/Golovine production, was destroyed only to rise phoenix-like from the ashes in Goncharova's 1926 decor (hence the connection of period between the *Firebird* imagery in the piece and surrealism), or that apples are a noteworthy prop in that ballet, or that the four pianos in the piece are a reminiscence of *Les Noces*, or that Bösendorfer means not only the *ne plus ultra* of concert grands but wicked, bad or angry villagers. However, this is the wealth of allusion that these collaborators wish to make, and their method is just as valid as it was 50 years ago, especially since the theme is the Surrealists themselves.

The context is a Dadaistic event in which the dancers appear unusually resourceful and energetic, telling stories, two of them playing the piano, all activating the lighting and huge array of props, the pianos and two pianists, the apples, a gynaecological couch/dinner table, screens, projectors, pictures and maps and candles, as well as clearing spaces for dancing.

What at first sight might seem chaotic is in fact cleverly controlled and ordered. Mumford and McDonald have organised a coherence of colour, subtle indications of red and fluorescent blue, and references to the text: presenting Sally Owen at the end, for instance, bare-breasted in a red cardigan as the girl she described earlier in the piece.

The passages of dance, text and music become more fragmented and overlap more frequently as the piece progresses, the interchange gradually becoming more unruly and more competitive. Appropriately, the end, when the stage is invaded by the prop paraphernalia of the piece, is an apotheosis to individuality and artistic freedom with Owen passionately concluding, 'In order to live, I shall invent the uninventionable.'

Spink, after making less and less dance movement in recent works, has chosen here to bring it back. His technique consists of circular, repeated phrases, a seamless flow of undulations and vibrations submitted to gradual alterations, replacements and diminutions. This gives rise to a series of highly distinctive dances, like the one involving apple passing and juggling between performers, or the sequence that includes a regular looping around the piano and pianist. The phrases generate a life peculiarly their own, quite distinct from that of any individual's dance statement.

In one sense, this kind of work could be thought a luxury in a time of severe cutbacks. In another, it is proving to be a central force of innovation in the dance/theatre activity, whatever you call it, of the Eighties. Certainly there are no poor relations here. □

MUSIC

Fresh blood

Andrew Clements

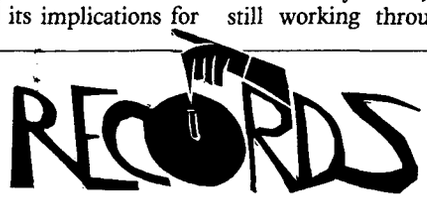
A new Controller, Music, is about to stir up the BBC

WITH THE ATTENTION of the musical world concentrated upon the imminent demise of the GLC and its implications for London's arts and for the future of the South Bank complex in particular, a change of personnel of equal potential significance in the BBC's music staff has gone almost unremarked. At the end of last year Robert Ponsonby retired as Controller, Music, to be replaced by John Drummond.

The Controller, Music, is not, as one might innocently suppose, the omnipotent head of the corporation's serious music, or even the policy maker for the output of Radio 3. His role is more specialised: while Radio 3 has its own management system responsible to the Controller, Radio 3, (who happens not to be a musician at all) the Controller, Music, is in charge of the BBC's orchestras and public concerts, the most important of which are, of course, the Proms.

While such concerts represent only a minor proportion of the music broadcast on Radio 3, they are nevertheless the most influential factor in shaping the BBC's attitude to the musical world and its most sensitive indicator of changes of fashion and emphasis. The Proms are the BBC's musical showcase; the planning of that season invariably calls forth public comment of one kind or another. Most of its commissions are first performed in public concerts and they fall within the Controller's gift.

Ponsonby's predecessor was William Glock and his tenure demonstrated the potential effect a far-sighted Controller can have on the musical life of the country. While Glock and Boulez (his choice as the BBC Symphony's chief conductor) did not succeed in bringing the revolution in concert programming they promised, they did at least bring a measurable change in public perceptions and attitudes to 20th-century music, whose ramifications are still working through the policies of the



Chicago Style
EDDIE CONDON VJM VCP5 (mono)
Chicago in the 1920s was not just Al Capone's kingdom but a city where young white jazz musicians set out to sound as exciting as the black players — King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Johnny Dodds — they heard in South Side cabarets. Frank Teschemacher, his clarinet stinging yet laconic; Bud Freeman's bustling tenor saxophone style; the self-denying banjo technique of Eddie Condon: these were part of that quest. This LP contains two classic sessions — by the McKenzie/Condon Chicagoans and the Chicago Rhythm Kings — made before the key figures uprooted themselves in 1928 and moved to New York, where youthful rebelliousness began to be diluted. The presence of Jack Teagarden, benign both as trombonist and singer, speeded that. So did the clarinet solos of Pee Wee Russell, artful in every sense of that word. The oddities here are two tracks that have Condon alongside Eddie Lang (guitar), Joe Venuti (violin) and Red McKenzie, blowing on paper-and-comb and warbling like a barber-shop baritone.

Homeland Pulse
STEVE COLEMAN JMT 85001
Readers who were wise enough to catch the Dave Holland Quintet when it toured Britain 18 months ago will recall the impact made by that group's alto saxophonist, Steve Coleman, and by its drummer, Marvin 'Smitty' Smith — two more Chicagoans, incidentally. Both can be heard — and at their best — on this LP, most notably in 'Another Level', a duet for alto and drums, and 'Homeland Pulse', pieces filled with what Coleman, in the sleeve note, postulates as 'a rhythmic feeling that can be traced back via the Mississippi, down South to New Orleans'. He is not flannelling either: Smitty Smith even sets off echoes of Baby Dodds as well as Ed Blackwell. Steve Coleman often sounds uncannily like his namesake Ornette, not because he imitates but because both men are primarily melodists and both seem to operate without artifice — perhaps the most cunning artifice of all. **Charles Fox**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

independent orchestras.

Ponsonby and Drummond are very different characters. Glock must have been a desperately hard act to follow and Ponsonby's urbane, benign, but essentially low-key approach to his job may well have been precisely what was needed after Glock's more forceful and radical changes. Drummond is much more extrovert, liable to polarise his colleagues, and keen, one would calculate, on making some radical changes of his own. It is unlikely he will be willing to maintain the equilibrium that Ponsonby has carefully husbanded, never risking too much in his public concerts yet making quiet innovations in his own way. Drummond is hardly likely to worry about stepping on toes: his period as artistic director of the Edinburgh Festival will have given him a fearsome repertoire of ploys to use upon recalcitrant colleagues.

Some may think that the BBC's music policy is fine as it is, that the balance is just about right. Certainly in recent seasons the BBC Symphony's concerts have shown a positive return to the standard repertoire, with less emphasis upon contemporary music. Drummond, I fancy, will turn attention not specifically to the kind of music the orchestra plays (though he is likely to have strong ideas on the composers he wishes to foster) but to larger projects, perhaps involving liaisons between radio and television. I cannot imagine, for instance, had Drummond been controlling things, that the BBC's commission of an opera from Birtwistle for simultaneous broadcast on radio and TV would have been abandoned so unceremoniously when television got cold feet, or that the Music of Eight Decades season, a joint promotion between the BBC and the London Orchestral Concerts Board and intended to involve all of the big four symphony orchestras, would have failed to fulfill its intentions.

Certainly the BBC has failed to deliver as far as new televised opera is concerned and Drummond will not be able to resist doing something about that; whether he will feel it is within his power to intervene in the long-running conflict between the unsympathetic management of Radio 3 and the music department remains to be seen. The first fruits of his tenure will not be seen until 1987 (the forthcoming summer's Proms, for instance, were planned by Ponsonby); how quickly he will strive to make changes is unknown. There are those within the BBC who fear that Drummond will draft in star names for the concerts, in an attempt to inject some instant glamour; certainly his appointment was not universally welcomed. Yet for me he promises a fresh approach, even if the precise slant of that approach is still uncertain. Ten years ago the BBCSO's winter season and the Proms held excitements. If some of that excitement were to be regained it would be a step in the right direction. □

BILLBOARD

Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND/THE CRITIC, A CHORUS OF DISAPPROVAL, PRAVDA – A FLEET STREET COMEDY. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS, MRS WARREN'S PROFESSION. Cottesloe (small auditorium) THE ROAD TO MECCA, THE CHERRY ORCHARD, NOT ABOUT HEROES. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

Exhibition

NEW PAINTINGS by Clifford Myerson at Peoples Gallery, 73 Prince of Wales Road, London NW5. 5-28 Feb, Tues-Sat 11-1, 2-6. 01-267 0433.

Music

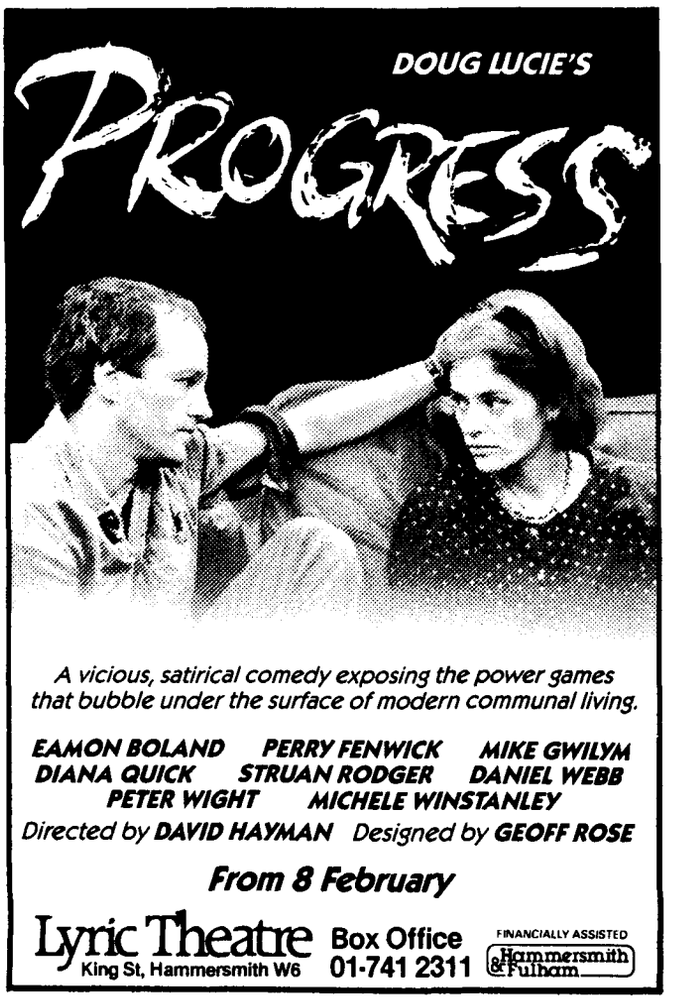
BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629 18, 19, 21, 22 Feb 7.30pm UCL Opera presents **'Die Loreley'** by Max Bruch.

Theatre

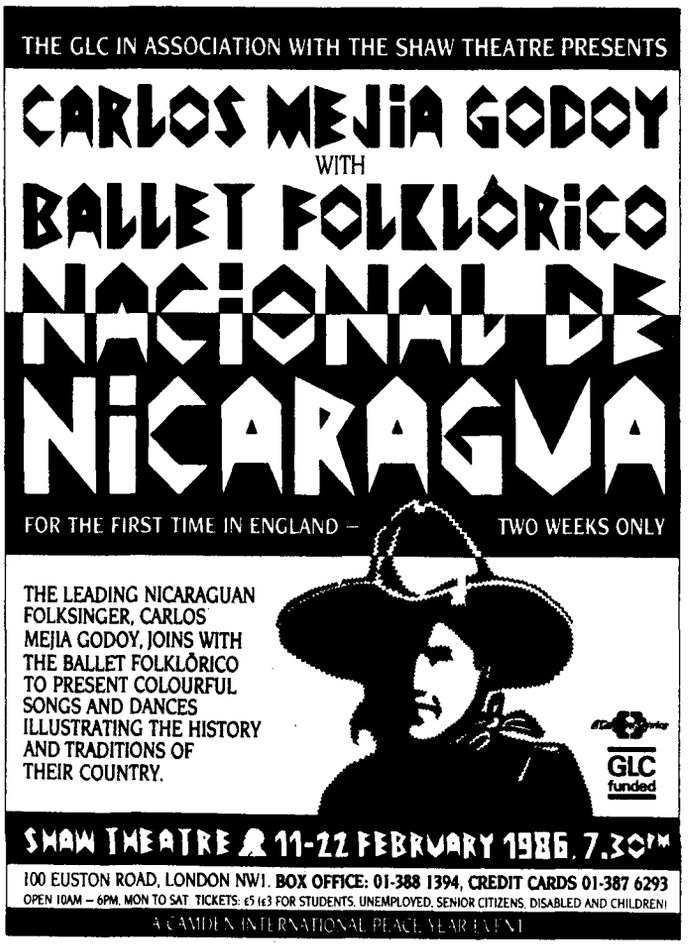
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01-628 8795/638 8891 24 hr info 01-628 2295.

BARBICAN THEATRE 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' in repertoire with **'As You Like It'** and **'Othello'**

THE PIT 'Melons' by Bernard Pomerance. *'an extraordinary story'* F. Times


DOUG LUCIE'S
PROGRESS
A vicious, satirical comedy exposing the power games that bubble under the surface of modern communal living.
EAMON BOLAND PERRY FENWICK MIKE GWILYM
DIANA QUICK STRUAN RODGER DANIEL WEBB
PETER WIGHT MICHELE WINSTANLEY
Directed by DAVID HAYMAN Designed by GEOFF ROSE
From 8 February
Lyric Theatre King St, Hammersmith W6
Box Office 01-741 2311
FINANCIALLY ASSISTED Hammersmith & Fulham

Folk Song & Dance


THE GLC IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE SHAW THEATRE PRESENTS
CARLOS MEJIA GODOY
WITH
BALLET FOLKLÓRICO
NACIONAL DE
NICARAGUA
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND – TWO WEEKS ONLY
THE LEADING NICARAGUAN FOLKSINGER, CARLOS MEJIA GODOY, JOINS WITH THE BALLET FOLKLÓRICO TO PRESENT COLOURFUL SONGS AND DANCES ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY AND TRADITIONS OF THEIR COUNTRY.
GLC funded
SHAW THEATRE 11-22 FEBRUARY 1986. 7.30PM
100 EUSTON ROAD, LONDON NW1. BOX OFFICE: 01-388 1394, CREDIT CARDS 01-387 6293
OPEN 10AM – 6PM, MON TO SAT. TICKETS: £5 (£3 FOR STUDENTS, UNEMPLOYED, SENIOR CITIZENS, DISABLED AND CHILDREN)
A CAMDEN INTERNATIONAL PEACE YEAR EVENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

This little room

Benedict Nightingale

Philistines
GORKY *Pit*
The Merry Wives of Windsor
SHAKESPEARE *Barbican*

IT'S SURPRISING that The RSC's long and triumphant campaign to put Gorky firmly on our mental maps should have ignored **Philistines**, his first play and, for some commentators, as good as any he wrote; but that gap has now been most ably repaired, thanks to the considerable talents of Dusty Hughes and John Caird, adaptor and director respectively. The only pity, if I may digress a moment, is that the results of their collaboration should be in rep in the Pit, where there never seem to be enough seats or performances when they're really wanted. Time and time again I've recommended friends and readers to pay a visit to that tiny underworld, only to hear that they've been rebuffed by some Cerberus in the box-office.

Not that the Pit is an unsuitable space for the play itself. On the contrary, a mild feeling of claustrophobia should only add to your appreciation of Gorky's study of a grim, airless household destructive to every aspect of human health, emotional or moral or political. The Bessemenovs, mother and father, have always done their petit-bourgeois best for their children, actual and adopted, and their rewards aren't at all what they dimly expected. Their son Pyotr is a university drop-out, a floundering intellectual in impotent search of identity and purpose, and their daughter Tatyana is more lost still, a schoolteacher suffering from unrequited love, neurotic self-doubt and a rooted belief that 'life has always been gloomy and oppressive and always will'. Meanwhile Nil, their foster child, has become a railwayman and a bit of a radical. He at least can see that what the Bessemenovs have done is 'made their home a prison and sentenced themselves to hard labour in it'.

Chekhov, who had recently befriended Gorky, much admired *Philistines*, but not altogether for the right reasons. Indeed, the two men tended rather comically to misinterpret each other. Gorky must have irritated Chekhov when he praised the elegiac *Uncle Vanya* as a prolonged act of political ferocity, 'a hammer with which you pound the public's empty heads', and he himself couldn't have been wholly delighted when Chekhov described Tatyana and Pyotr as 'charming'. In fact, they're in the play to embody the dereliction of the educated liberal, a narcissism and spinelessness no better than the bigotry and thick-witted philistinism of such as Bessemenov *père*. Gorky had qualities authentically congenial to Chekhov, notably a wry enjoyment of human quiddity and the knack of bringing it quirkily to life; but his social convictions were more precise, his sympathies stricter and narrower. Nil's belief in justice, doughty optimism and excitement about the future have their echoes and pre-echoes in *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard*, but the character is more central, more obviously his author's spokesperson.

Does that tilt the play towards dogma and didacticism? Compared with Chekhov, yes, perhaps, a bit. Compared with just about anyone else, no, not at all. The impression Caird's production leaves is of abundance and ebullience and, *pace* Gorky himself, generosity of spirit, breadth of sympathy. That extends to character after character: Clive Russell's balefully alcoholic lodger, a part so strongly written that the first actor who played it, back in the Moscow of 1902, is said himself to have turned terminally to booze as a result; Fiona Shaw's Tatyana, part waif and part wraith, all bared nerves and forlorn introversion; even David Burke's Bessemenov, on the face of it just an obsessively bitter and angry tyrant, actually a man deeply bewildered and distressed by a world seemingly determined to reject him and his ways on every level, personal and public and philosophical. He's the heavy Victorian father caught in the process of toppling from his plinth, the representative of a class that's doomed and half-knows it and, as Burke shows us with a more venomous passion that I ever imagined to be within his range, an animal at bay. Seeing him, his children, his society, you'll sense the imminence of 1905, the inevitability of 1917.

Upstairs, the mood is nostalgic, lovingly aimed at those of us who came of age on *Ray's a Laugh*, *Take It From Here* and the other fun shows of the Fifties. The first character on the cast-list is called 'Teddy Boy' and the first substantial object we see is a Morris Minor, arriving at the stained-glass door of a suburban semi. The story involves a lecherous ex-army type in plus-fours and a canary waistcoat, performed by Peter Jeffrey, and the tricks played on him when he tries to seduce two larky but respectable housewives, performed by Janet Dale and Lindsay Duncan from beneath neat perms and, on one occasion, electric hairdryers. The programme is filled with ads for period bric-a-bac — an Ekco Belvedere plastic toilet seat for 57s 6d, a skiffle kit for £2 10s 6d — and the theme music, which introduces every episode, has a jaunty plink, plonk and tinkle, also of its time. The name of this little revue is **The Merry Wives of Windsor**.

And why not? What else does history tell us the play was? Elizabeth I saw the pilot programmes, the two parts of *Henry IV*, and reputedly flipped; she saw there was mileage in the character of Falstaff, suggested a spin-off mini-series about his love-life and, no doubt, was delighted with what the Shakespeare scriptwriting unit produced, the five prank-packed acts of *Merry Wives*.

What Bill Alexander has done, in short, is taken a sitcom from a bewilderingly remote period, transplanted it to a relatively familiar one, filled it with evocative detail and amusing nuance and sat back to watch the ratings. Well, they're high, or should be. I laughed, even more than when I caught the show at Stratford last year, and so did those around me. What more could we have asked? □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Hair-brain

WHAT A WORN-OUT old codpiece **Frankie and Johnnie** (BBC2) turned out to be after all the PR. Chain-smoking, raincoated, provincial reporter Hywel Bennett, pronounced 'Howl', marriage on rocks, damaged child in tow, investigates suspicious double suicide reflecting his own wretched etc. etc. and uncovers beastly psycho-Tory cover-up and nerve-gas conspiracy, ho-hum. The piece positively writhes in cliché; but not for fun, like the Debbie Harry film *Union City* or even Howard Brenton's *Dead Head*. This one thinks it's *cool*, jogging witnesses, gay coppers, pragmatic editors and rabid politicians notwithstanding.

The film is constructed on the pre-WWI star-vehicle plan, with lots of possible charisma-enhancers grafted on to the main character for agents to mention in the messages they leave on the answering machines of starlets like Howl, to distract them from their part's essentially seen-it-last-night-on-ITV feeling. Howl has a whole impossible home-life, wife, son, suit and smoking habit to aid his non-acting and seediness displays, but, like Denis Waterman in *Minder*, he shrinks from enlisting the ultimate help of his hair in this endeavour (it remains aloof throughout).

Hair is peculiar in that it is part of both one's body and one's behaviour. It is therefore a difficult area for an actor to know what to do with. Is it part of his career or not? Should he let his hair down into his performance and risk baldness slurs: or should he withold it from his overall interpretation, through hairspray and special effects, as though it were something immutable about himself? Howl goes for the latter option and the painstaking artistry of a British special effects department rises to the needs of a distinctly uncommitted-looking barnet. I think it's mostly his own, but it stops further back than it likes to make out and obviously has to be goaded and threatened forward just before Howl begins acting, a nightmare for the lighting and location boys. Washed-looking and highlighted, it is supposed to be sturdy enough for most outdoor shots, but many of these sidle round behind him to avoid any unexpected revelations or character switches the hair might initiate in a high wind.

For Howl, you see, according to BBC announcers hyping the show, is by way of being a 'heart-throb', yes, or used to be, or will be one day. It's the kind of intriguing paradox you can't stop thinking about, so while watching *F&J* I combed the double-page pre-trumpetings in the *Radio Times* for the explanation. I learnt that last year Howl had made a 'tentative reconnoitre of the Hollywood studios, mingling with the Los Angeles casting aristocracy (sic)' in the hope of upping his career a peg or two before it's too late. Is it the Dudley Moore, sex-dwarf syndrome he's after? 'I was surprised by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

number of fine established actors who think nothing of reading for a part,' he told the *RT*, uttering chat-show cliché No. 97. 'But that's the system and you have to play it their way.'

Playing it their way never bothered Bennett. His knowing, actory voice can be heard most hours on the hour on commercial TV doing (highly profitable) voice-overs for products no less dependent on media adjustments and flurry than *Frankie and Johnnie*. As someone says in the film, 'There's no front-line any more, just advertising space and Bingo.' Howl's private hair-dramas and manly mascara smears were a sub-plot to the film which made the evening just bearable for me, but only just.

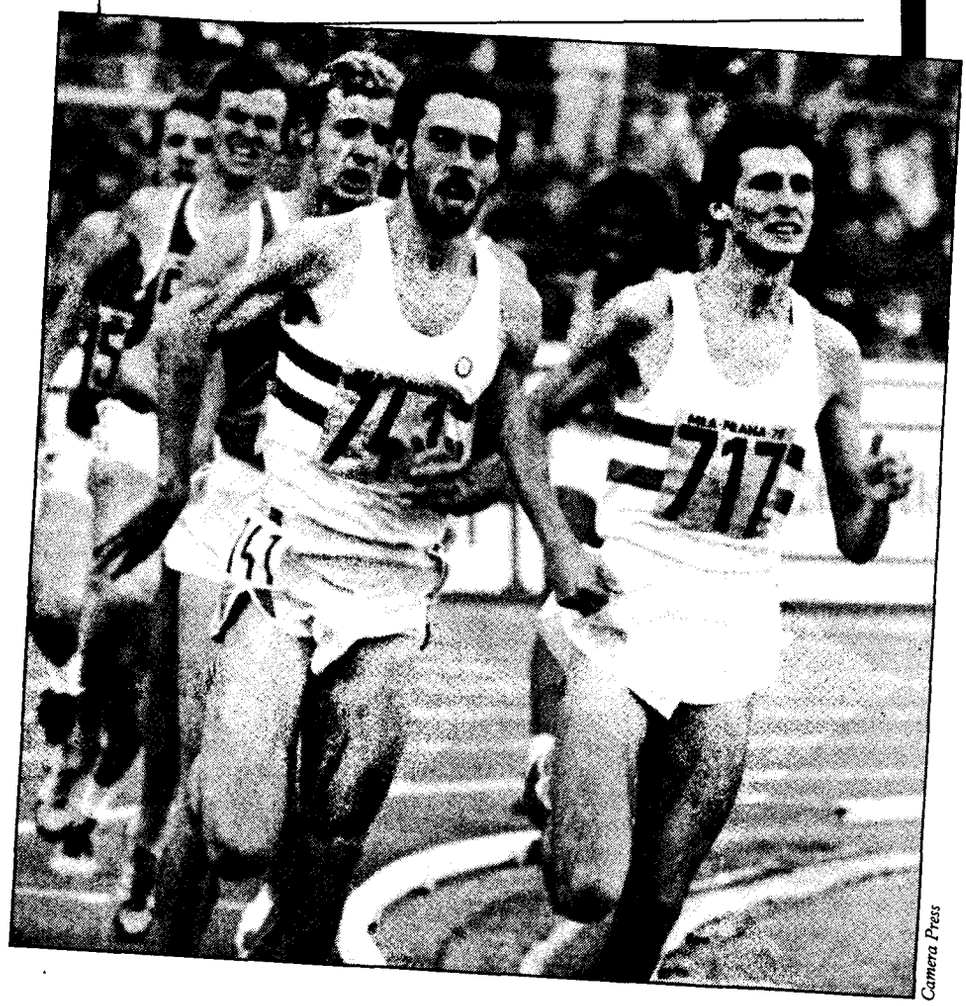
What about Roy Hattersley? Oh, the pious plausibility of politicians! Luckily, the even greater plausibility of greed and self-love occasionally peek through when their vanity drags them onto television. Appearing on **Did You See?** (BBC2) to review **Spitting Image** (C4) the eponymous Hattersley, spluttering eponymously for the occasion, didn't mind a bit of honest vulgarity (plausibility) but didn't like the show being unpleasant for *no good reason*. Why not? That's the only thing I like about it. I'm not interested if there's a good reason for it because that means the subject's pretensions have been taken seriously. 'We have to have bad taste in a good cause,' said Roy likeably, hinting that his own rather flattering effigy was somehow below the belt for a really sincere and North Country politician like himself. 'I don't mind bottoms and pustules,' he lied, 'if they demonstrate the inadequacies of a politician.' That's an unfair demand to make on the mental agility of bottoms and pustules, which derive their small strength from an ability to express the cesspit *within* a politician, not the 'inadequacies' without.

Without trying hard to please all the people all the time, or very many people at all, Jana Bokova's **Tango Mio** (BBC2) hit on an ironical and independent tone and held it as steady as the long stares of her camera at the middle-aged adherents of this once erotic dance and lifestyle. All possible claims were made for its poetry and mystery by a number of nighthawks and grotesques, who ended by convincing me that the tango does indeed encapsulate a lost drama and float it through into an inhospitable present.

From an upstairs window we watched old men tangoing together on a street corner and learnt that, in the beginning, the tango was illicit, so men practised with each other to acquire the skills they would use on prostitutes. In the old days the man was nearly motionless while the woman did all the steps. Not any more. But was it true that the woman still submitted to the man in the tango? No, it was the couple who submitted to the music; an answer worth remembering, I thought.

The centre of the show was Juanita la Negra, ravaged star of surburban 'low tango' of the Forties, whom we followed around too faithfully. 'O tango, you've made me suffer, but I still love you.' The harsh but human Juanita — 'Susannah's the name I reserve for men who chat me up' — wasn't quite convincing as a central attraction, but Bokova's mildly sadistic camera only thrives on such ironies. □

SEB LASHES STEVE



Camera Press

Back page blues

Kate Hoey

THE PUNTERS can always tell when a television version of Fleet Street hits home: the hacks whinge about it. And they muttered about the BBC's *Hold the Back Page*, the series recounting the adventures of a 'classy' sports journalist at the highly paid tabloid end of the market. Real life Ken Wordsworths grumbled . . . this would never happen in Fleet Street . . . we'd be fired . . . we don't drink THAT much . . . we're much too busy covering sports events even to think about sex . . . and so on.

Obviously television can simplify and plots are livened up: no one would watch it if it merely reflected life as we know it, sometimes exciting, sometimes dull, but mostly in between. Nevertheless, it was refreshing to see sports journalism on television's front page. It was about time those back pages were no longer regarded as some sort of ghetto, the section you apologised for reading first, physically as well as mentally removed from everything 'serious' in the paper, not warranting critical review.

On the bright side, some names in sports journalism do come readily to mind: virtually all the *Guardian* team, the *Sunday Times*'s invaluable Inside Track column, Glanville, Woolridge in the *Mail*, McIlvanney in the *Observer*. But sports page norms are the clichés, the daft ghosted 'star names' columns, the silly photos (remember Botham as Rambo?), the creation of heroes and villains, the concentration on the Star or the result of the moment, the search for conflict, the trivialisation of sporting women, the insularity (beyond Dover, forget it), the emphasis on spectating rather than participating, the dearth of analysis, the marginal treatment of those who don't quite 'make it'.

Britain has a sporting history second to none. So many of the global games were invented, organised and developed here. We have a sporting culture as deep and as significant as our tradition of poetry, theatre, the novel, trade unionism . . . Yet our national back pages — the oases of excellence apart — let us down dismally.

They reflect neither the rich tapestry and detailed mosaic of our sporting culture nor the chronic underlying problems of organisation,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money and élitism. The tabloids protest that covering these would not sell papers, others argue that sports pages should mirror, rather than lead or inform public opinion, while serious people, especially on the Left, say that sport isn't serious. Whatever the reasons, the result is headlines like 'Big Ron Hits Out' or 'Seb Lashes Steve' — good fun maybe, but horribly superficial.

Sport deserves better: its own proper magazine, not some equipment-sponsored, sub-teen, single-sport publication; something like the American *Sports Illustrated* or the French *L'Equipe*. Our back pages just don't do the job. They too often align themselves with the grey, aristocratic, ageing, élitist bodies that control our sports.

But does the blame lie entirely with Fleet Street? There haven't been many signs that any of the major political parties takes sport seriously either. It is true that Labour has Dennis Howell, well known and established in the sporting governing bodies. But as yet no detailed plan has emerged to show what the next Labour government would be doing for the development and democratisation of sport in Britain. The role of commercialism, the growth of sponsorship, privatisation of sports facilities — these are all aspects of the sports industry that need discussing. But if that debate does not even surface in the papers of the Labour movement is it any wonder that few activists within the Labour party see sport as being remotely political? Yet 'the arts' are given many pages of coverage and considered to be very political.

If you look through the sports section of a public library, you are not likely to find there Jean-Marie Brohm's *Sport: A Prison of Measured Time* (Inklinks, 1978) or Gary Whannel's excellent *Blowing the Whistle* (Pluto, 1983) or any of the finely researched information publications from the Sports Council.

You will probably, on the other hand, come across variations on the theme of *Sticking the Ball in the Back of the Net*, a range of rather pitiful 'autobiographies' belonging strictly to the area of fantasy.

Yet sport in Britain does echo the whole range of political activity: the snobbery of Rugby Union towards Rugby League; the élitism of the 'amateur' argument; the explosion among young working-class men in the boxing world; the national 'prestige' of winning Olympic medals as reflected by Seb Coe's recent report . . .

No, sport, recreation, whatever you want to call it, occupies the basement of our cultural and political life, regarded by bright sparks perhaps as vulgar, philistine. But to millions of people it is vitally important, every bit as important as health and education in the scale of their priorities.

Maybe, then, we do get the back pages we deserve and that's a sad reflection on the current state of affairs. *Hold the Back Page* may have gone for many soft 'soapy' options in its story-lines but at least the story got on to national prime-time television. Who knows, with a leader who really does recognise the difference between a rugby and a soccer ball, the Labour Party might just catch on to the sporting vote. □

Naseem Khan

Book race

PITY THE projects that establish themselves at the end of regimes. Take the new Bookspace, for instance, opened just 11 weeks ago and one of the last great works of the GLC on the South Bank. It takes no great stretch of the imagination to hear outside, as Abolition Day approaches, the sharpening of the guillotine and the rumble of the tumbrils. Inside the tight faces of the Bookspace workers, working against time, bear witness to a project with, one fears, the dice loaded against it.

To say that this is a shame is an understatement. Not only is the Bookspace one of the most interesting and innovative ideas of the GLC's hectic life, but also it partly redresses a balance. Literature itself is in a sorry state these days: the orphan at the feast of both Arts Council and GLC. In the year before the Bookspace was approved, the GLC's own Arts and Recreation Committee had spent nothing at all on literature projects (compared with £1,039,984 on drama), leaving it to the minor mercies of its Community Arts (£160,236). But this was still an improvement on the Arts Council which was considering winding up its Literature Department altogether at one point. So, for the sake of balance and justice, if nothing else, the Bookspace is very much overdue.

However, I must admit, for all the statistics, that there is no way in which I can be judicious or impartial about this. I spent many highly charged months getting together a report that detailed what a Literature Centre (as it was then more ponderously called) could do, for whom and how, and then anxiously seeing the thing through the GLC's complex bureaucracy. It wasn't my idea — Ken Worpole, the Poetry Society and some officers of the GLC are responsible for that — but I do have the proprietorial interest of a midwife who wants to see her charge grow up healthy.

It's an unusual offspring, with more than the usual number of parents. Even the idea itself could at first seem strange. Why does literature — mainly seen as a private function — need a public focus? Surely libraries and bookshops are all that is needed? The Literature Centre/Bookspace starts off with a bookshop, but it's potentially far more than that. In essence, the Bookspace's job is to provide a critical focus for the whole business of writing. It's not just books, but it's information on the making of books (authors talk, exhibitions inform, staff advise), it's illustrations of how books transpose (videos, cassettes, live performance), it's inquiry into a variety of traditions (from international to local ones). Literature is a cheap art. No technical equipment is needed for it, or a special hall nor, indeed, anyone else to do it with. It is obviously foolish to expect the Bookspace to be a major catalyst in spurring people to write for themselves. But what it can do is to provide a back-up and platform for the people, the writers' workshops and the community presses, who do just that.

In fact, the longer one looks at the field, the more needs declare themselves. Community presses need a mainstream platform. Book illustrators need intelligent appraisal. Multiracial children's work needs wider publicity. Writing not in English needs a place to beat down British chauvinism. The prescription to cover these, and even more needs, has to be a broad one. There are exhibitions on the list, and readings and workshops, book launches and courses, writers' surgeries and residencies, storytelling, book fairs and cabarets.

It is, in short, the sort of programme that could be aimed at after a year's operation or more. Given the pressures upon them, it is remarkable what the Bookspace staff have managed to achieve in 11 short weeks (doubly remarkable considering that Council delays have meant that they have only just got sanction to fill their empty shelves with books). The multi-activity quality has been firmly established. There've been meetings and launches. A full house of pensioners turned up the afternoon I went to see Age Exchange's nostalgic Christmas play. There've been exhibitions — from a rather boring one of Gerald Scarfe's *Treasure Island* illustrations to Eddie Chambers's challenging 'The Black Bastard as a Cultural Icon'. Attendance, despite the general feel of impermanence, has been satisfying. Nine thousand, for instance, came through the Bookspace's glass doors between 17 December and 5 January. And of those, 24 per cent had come to the South Bank specifically to visit the Bookspace. Since then the figures have grown and, so the workers — Rosemary Stones, Ira O'Flaherty and Clare Allistone — hope, will grow even further before the end of March in seven short weeks' time.

The programme has clearly been devised to cover as broad a field as possible without losing its cutting edge. Melvyn Bragg and Edward Blishen are due to talk in the Bookspace. Salman Rushdie is down to lecture on Kipling. Feminist science fiction, black women's writing and lesbian literature are all scheduled. Christopher Isherwood will be commemorated by Adam Mars-Jones. Writer and illustrator in residence are set to move in. And on the final day — a nice touch — the hall will undoubtedly be filled to bursting with children for the ever-popular Puffin Book Fair. It would take an obdurate body — or so runs the message — to stamp on all this.

And so it would. At the same time, however, one must deplore the way in which a reasonably important concept has turned into a mixture of the Derby and an obstacle race. Will the Bookspace reach the tape in time? How, on the contrary, could it possibly, in just over three months of operation? All it can honestly do in that time is to demonstrate possibility: an idea that deserves proper long-term exploration, not a short-term sprint, and a potentially vital adjunct to the other elements of the South Bank complex. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend competition

No 2910 Set by E. O. Parrott

Noel Coward, required to comment on a frightful piece of acting by a friend, is said to have murmured ambiguously, 'What a performance.' Could we have similarly ambiguous comments on friends' dinner parties, Christmas presents, hats, babies, holiday snapshots, etc? Max. six goes per entrant, by 20 February.

No 2907 Set by Margaret Rogers

Euphemistic parliamentary insults.

Report By Ernest Oswald fflap

O dear, o dear, o dear. Let us only hope that the great Disraeli is sound asleep in his maker's arms, that Burke has his ears plugged with daisy roots and that Bessy Braddock is snoring away on her bed of Elysian clouds. Such Mistresses and Masters of Invective could not but be saddened past bearing, were they ever to discover the feebleness of your vitriol and invention. None the less, it must be admitted that the insults below (for which three pounds apiece) are of a significantly higher standard than today's genuine article. Not much of a compliment, certainly, but the most that I can honourably pay.

Of Michael Heseltine

'His attitude towards the question of official confidentiality shows all the consistency which one would expect of one whose fortunes have become inextricably entangled with those of a machine which can only rise with the aid of unremitting rotation.'

Of Margaret Thatcher

'Despite her strong transatlantic leanings, her cabinet is not one in which George Washington could have had a speaking part.'

CYNTHIA HALL

Of Geoffrey Howe

'His dynamism reverberates through the House with the terrifying impact of a head-on collision between two snails.'

Of Leon Brittan

'The Honourable Member's statement on this affair would, if delivered in another place, attract the immediate attention of a Pooper Scooper.'

PHILIP A. NICHOLSON

Of David Owen

'As one at the hub of a centrist movement, his pre-Copernican view of his position is understandable.'

NOEL PETTY

Of Neil Kinnock

'His attitude towards leadership is ambivalent.'

KELTIE LAMATT

Of Leon Brittan

'Of course Mr Brittan has a fine grasp of the question. But when it comes to the *answer* can anyone detect more than a tenuous finger-hold, and that finger a little one?'

K. C. BOWN

Of Michael Heseltine

'My right honourable friend, the former Minister for Defence, has not left a sinking ship, but that does not make him resemble the less those who do.'

MAY DAY

Of Dennis Skinner

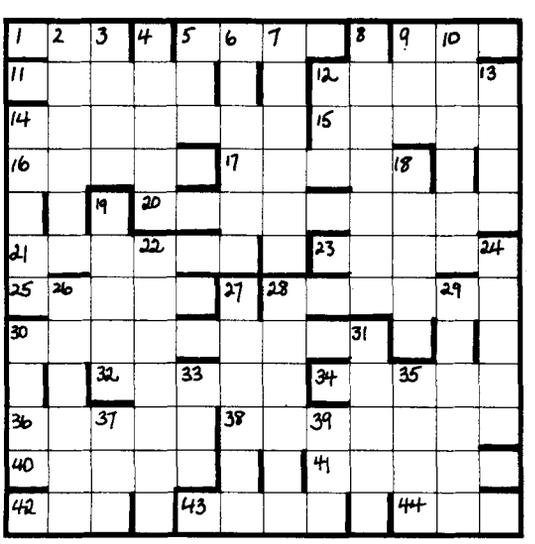
'Whoever invented the honourable gentleman's well known soubriquet ought to be reported to the RSPCA.'

PETER NORMAN

Salamanca 104

'Just like Robin'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. One additional winner will also receive an AKAI PM-R3 Personal Stereo Cassette Player. Entries to Salamanca 104, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 4 March.



Unclued answers originated from one of two distinctly different groups (six and seven) before being adjusted.

Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

1 Money, old, owing to (3) . . .
5 . . . tailor for nicely-priced purchase (4)
9 Area of boat furthest of all (3)
11 Mucus etc. had when it's out? (5)
12 A long straight line between the flowerbeds (5)
16 Hungarian composer you'll finally get to hear, possibly (5)
17 First performance a short study in contrast (5)
20 What King with his pure ultimate in control, say, has? (9)
21 This industrious and consistent will keep firm stable (6)
23 You'll see this on heads of Basques etc., round, and French (5)
25 No longer establish the old bar in back (5)
28 Extra hands? These women could do with them, possibly (6)
30 Happy to contain nasty cold for time when running into one? (9)
32 For sin head girl will have to thrash, no question (5)
34 These numbers follow on from Hindu and become born to Arabic (5)
38 With such sweets i.e. a tongue is getting wrapped around (7)
41 Where might originate owner of foreign food-shop, say? (5)
42 Here theory and practice are one and the same alternately from the start? (3)
43 Troubles caused by knocking drink over (4)
44 Stain no longer found on a gambler? (3)

DOWN

4 Oil given a fast race vehicle which leaks see? (5)
5 This tree in season cut down (3)
7 It can express surprise at exploit (6)
8 Taken advantage of with tricks and then turned tail? (7)
9 A leafy part, certainly not fey! (3)
12 Yarn, one father throws away (3)
13 Cry of pain you get on record (4) . . .
18 . . . with continual sound of drum and guitar everywhere within (and touch of bass) (5)
19 Present given to good old head girl (5)
24 Rulers and it make up artists' equipment (5)
26 We sold specially-made furniture-pins (6)
27 Unveiled, heartless and wicked, showing wounds in heraldic designs (6)
30 Who set up the type for this? (4)
31 I, in day time, got up and dressed as before (5)
33 Silvers, say, is man this kind at heart (3)
37 Strange old chap showing spirit (3) . . .
39 . . . in some loud-spoken oath (3)

Solution to Salamanca 103

Snakes and ladders are numbered according to Moh's Scale of HARDNESS (q.v.).

Prizewinners to Salamanca 103

J. M. Nicholls (West Bromwich)
A. J. Sobey (Hindhead, Sy)
Mrs L. M. Williams (Anglesey)

SPECIAL PRIZE

E. C. Hunt of Norwich receives an AKAI PM-R3 Personal Stereo Cassette Player.

The solution and prizewinners to Setsquare Crossword 1506 will be published next week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADS: 01-251 5487

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

RATES: £8.50 per cm + VAT
Charities £7.50 per cm + VAT

LINAGE: 35p per word + VAT, *min 12 words*

HEARTSEARCH / PURSUITS £5.75 for 25 words incl. box number & VAT. Send ads to: **Classified Dept, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

DEADLINE: Normally *11am Tues.* for *Fri.*

BOOKINGS, ENQUIRIES, 'DICTATE-AN-AD'
Call *David Jones 01-251 5487*

PERSONAL

HELP! Poor family background, now lower middle class after 13 years marriage, battered wife, divorcing, with three young children desperately needs financial help (£50,000) to keep her family home and keep life as near to normal as possible for my children. Without commitment, please reply. Box (06)2343. N6.1

TWO PROFESSIONAL WOMEN with initiative giving private party, Kingston, Surrey, in March for single, unattached adults, 35-55. Write details of occupation, interests etc. for invitation. Box (06)2342. N6.2

WANTED
for a forthcoming anthology: **short stories by lesbians** on *'the private and the public; the overlap, the interplay – the conflicts?'*
Send stories with SAE by **30 June** to: **Caroline, 105 Plumstead High Street, London SE18. *'Anthology'*.**

PURSUITS

MARRIED WOMAN, 50, seeks companion for holiday in the sun — soon! I am Jewish (n/o), socialist, feminist, enjoy walking, talking, reading, scrabble etc. Share expenses. Box (06)2331. N6.3

WOMAN/SINGLE mum with lots of spare house-space? This friendly, unstuffy management consultant (own home, but divorcing), could urgently do with it! (phone access, C.H. essential). House-trained, good with kids, good sharer, repairer, payer, cook! Clapham, central London, N/Central Croydon, Wimbledon, S. Victoria Line areas. Please phone John 01-689 1198 (some daytimes, also). N5.6

HEARTSEARCH

A BIT of company? Trim, attractive, socialist writer, 48, London, seeks strictly unattached gent., with car, for inspirational trips out. Box (06)2319. N6.4

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358. N49.19

ASTOUND YOUR friends, appal your Mother, make your ex-wife sick as a parrot! Socialist female, 42, could transform your life! Box (06)2337. N6.5

ATTRACTIVE — GENUINE, intelligent, fair-haired lady, 50s, seeks a male friend, business/professional, with personality/humour. Near London. Box (06)2350. N6.6

ATTRACTIVE, HAPPY female, divorced, wide interests: especially music, travel, arts, seeks unattached public school male, kind, successful, sense of humour, 45+, friendship/marriage. London area. Box (06)2332. N6.7

ATTRACTIVE LADY, divorced, (no children), 5' 2", living London, young 40, seeks gentle, presentable man, 40s-50s, into peaceful life-style. Photo please. Box (06)2349. N6.8

ATTRACTIVE, POSITIVE woman, 33, with wide interests, seeks unattached male, who should be tall, kind and good company, for warm, caring relationship. London. Box (06)2323. N6.9

BISHOP OF DURHAM supporter, male, 28, with usual left's interests including classical music, theatre etc., seeks similar female for warm relationship. Box (05)2279. N5.14

Don't Forget 14 February

Heartsearch or Greetings are only £5.75 (25 words plus VAT) in the New Statesman's Valentines Section

Tel: Laura Berryman 01-251 5487

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating. Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011. N49.20

EATING, TIPPLING, running, cycling, theatre-going woman, mid-fifties, unattached, seeks male counterpart with no desire to grow old gracefully. Midlands o.n.o. Box (06)2318. N6.10

FAIR, FEMININE, slim, stylish professional woman, seeks tall, professional man/graduate, fifties, cultured, unattached, sense of humour, not right-wing, for caring relationship. London/Herts. Box (06)2352. N6.11

GAY WOMAN (40s, Cumbria), seeks friend and walking-companion, of the same orientation. Box (06)2340. N6.12

I'M CAROL, fly me. Sounds great but does nothing for one's social life. I'd like to hear from guys who'd appreciate an old fashioned girl. Box (06)2316 N6.13

HELP, GOING down for third time in ever decreasing circles of unutterable boredom, needs understanding gentleman, 48 plus, to rediscover sunshine. Humberside/Lincolnshire. Box (06)2322. N6.14

HOW TO FIND YOUR BEST PARTNER. Newly published instruction manual for the unattached! £10 post-paid/SAE details. GOLDWAYS (NS7), 23 Colebrook Road, Tunbridge Wells. N6.15

INTELLIGENT, COMPANIONABLE woman, 49, many balanced interests, especially travel, music, films, psychology, science, world affairs, conversation, wine, laughter, animals, adventurous mind. Seeks companion trip Australia. Box (06)2321. N6.16

IS THERE any genuine man, 60, educated, high standards, some companionship. Box (06)2335. N6.17

LONDON MALE, graduate, early 50s, non-smoker, seeks professional, unattached, sincere female. Interests: art, classical music, theatre, literature, cinema, travel. Box (06)2338. N6.18

LUNCH PARTNERS: A unique club for genuine singles. For details of FREE membership call Rosie on 01-549 1276. N5.19

MALE, 30, affectionate, shy, solitary, seeks woman 25-40, to correspond with and possibly form friendship/relationship. Interests: music, politics, countryside, books. All replies answered. Box (05)2292. N5.21

MALE GRADUATE (29), artistic, caring, unconventional, wishes to meet similar lady, to enjoy cinema/theatre, good food, conversation and find life, love, laughter. North/anywhere. Box (06)2330. N6.19

MIDLANDS MEDIA man (44), seeks sane, loving lady, around 40, to see if life can begin (again). Photo please. Box (06)2320. N6.20

MIDWINTER BLUES? Help banish them with CLAN London-wide social club for unattached professionals, 35 plus. Varied events, diverse venues. Two months free initial membership. Box (06)2324. N6.21

SELECT FRIENDS the Introduction Agency that interviews the people you will meet. Further information: Select Friends, 58 Maddox St, London W1. 01-493 9937. N1.1

SLIGHTLY WACKY but warm newspaper columnist, male, 33, seeks intelligent, independent, self-aware female, interested in music, countryside, arts and long-term relationship. W/SW London. Box (06)2317. N6.22

SOULMATE, LOVER & PARTNER, ideally she will be (as I am) intelligent, articulate, aware, about 40-45 (I'm 52), non-smoking, tallish (I'm 6ft), slim, sensuous and very good looking. Photograph appreciated. London. Box (06)2341. N6.23

TALL, AUDACIOUS, merry widow, 60+, sexually active, cultured interests, sense humour, seeks like-minded, tall, upper class gentleman, occasional companionship. London/Avon. Box (06)2325. N6.24

TALL, GOOD LOOKING, Oriental male, 36, product of public school and varsity, gregarious and cosmopolitan, professionally successful, divorced, fed up with casual relationships. Seeks attractive, intelligent, *warm female to share walks on Sussex Downs, theatre, food and travel.* Box (06)2336. N6.25

THE BICYCLE THIEF. Alec Guinness, Louis Armstrong, The Impressionists, Bach, The Observer – if these mean something to you and you are a caring man, with a good sense of humour, between 40 and 60, we may have a basis for exploring relationships, the countryside. London based. Box (04)2231. N04.28

WIDOWER WITH lovely home London and French cottage, seeks romantic lady, to love, cherish and enjoy life with, & vice versa. He's 69 but looks, feels and acts 50 plus. Distinguished creative career. Financially comfortable. Please exchange photographs. Box (06)2339. N6.26

YET ANOTHER mid-thirties male, usual attitudes, interests and values, seeks personable young woman, not too tall, to share indoor and outdoor pursuits. Box (06)2351. N6.27

YOUNG INDIAN professional male, seeks home-loving, vegetarian Indian girl, aged 20-30, for marriage. Please send details/horoscope. Box (06)2315. N6.28

YOUR CHOICE — the Introduction Agency with a difference! Your chance to meet new friends/partners through detailed profiles on paper and video. Contact: Jeannie 01-670 9840 or Box (47)1940. N49.23

Tel 01-251 5487

Valentines 14 Feb – £5.75 for 25 words. Extra words 30p each

Or use this form for Heartsearch/ Pursuits. See foot of form to indicate category.

AD TEXT (BLOCK CAPS) or use separate sheet of paper

Name:_____

Address:_____

No. of weeks:_____ Remittance £_____

Or charge my Access/Visa/American Express

Card number:_____

AD for VALENTINES ☐/PURSUITS ☐/HEARTSEARCH ☐ **(please tick)**

Post Coupon to: Classified Dept., New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

AGAINST CONSUMERISM? Read 'Happiness, Lifestyle and Environment', "Well-written and well researched, of universal interest" Medical Journal of Australia. Paperback £3 from Freshet, 15 Park Terrace, Stirling FK8 2JT. N6.29

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also review copies, Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP, Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643. N49.26

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermillion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822. N49.24

WORLD OF BOOKS, Sackville Street. Bargain closing down sale extended to 25 February. N5.5

THERAPY

JUNGIAN ANALYSIS and therapy. Marital and sexual counselling. N. London area. 01-452 4722. N03.7

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

society
of civil & public servants

NEGOTIATIONS OFFICER

The Society of Civil and Public Servants, the Trade Union representing Executive Grades in the Civil Service and Public Bodies has a vacancy at Negotiations Officer level.

Experience in Civil Service or Public Sector Trade Union activity and of the Civil Service Whitley Council Machinery is desirable. Ability to communicate effectively is essential.

The salary scale is **£10,013–£11,265** plus **£1,300** Inner London Weighting. Annual Leave entitlement is thirty days and there is a non-contributory pension scheme. Retirement is compulsory at age 60. The union is an equal opportunity employer.

Applications for the post should be sent to the **General Secretary, Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU** to arrive by **19 February 1986,** enclosing full C.V. including details of Education, Employment, and Trade Union Experience. Applications should give *a day time telephone number* for contact purposes.

Interviews for short listed candidates will take place on a date to be notified.

CBU

CLEARING BANK UNION
14 St Clement Street
Winchester, Hants, SO23 9HH
Winchester (0962) 64351

RESEARCH OFFICER

The CBU is seeking a Research Officer to join a small team at the Union's head office to undertake a whole range of research activities in the largest trade union in banking.

The main responsibility will be to provide material and information for the Union's negotiators acting on behalf of its 100,000 members.

Applicants will be expected to have knowledge and experience of research work and possess a degree in either economics or one of the social sciences. The post-holder will be required to act as secretary to a small number of sub-committees and working parties and to liaise with Members of Parliament and other trade unions. Interest and belief in the trade union movement is important and whilst previous experience in the trade union movement is not vital, applications from candidates possessing this will be welcome. Numeracy and literacy are a pre-requisite for the post.

Conditions of employment are excellent and salary will depend on experience, but will not be below £10,000 p.a.

The Union is in the process of moving its head office from Winchester to London and therefore there will be a measure of commuting for the first few months. Arrangements will be agreed with the successful candidate.

Please send your application and c.v. to John Cousins, General Secretary of the Clearing Bank Union.

Confederation of Health Service Employees

COHSE

Legal Officer
Salary £12,249 x 564 x 2
– £13,377 plus
£1,032 London Weighting
£561 Unsocial Hours Allowance
and car

COHSE is Britain's largest trade union for Health and Social Service staffs with 220,000 members.

We need a solicitor, barrister or someone with a good law degree with relevant experience to be responsible for the work of the union's small but busy Legal Department at our Head Office in Banstead, Surrey (thirty minutes' journey from London's Victoria Station).

The Department's work is wide-ranging and includes helping full-time and lay union officers to deal with the legal problems of members, assisting with the processing of applications for union legal aid, liaising with the union's appointed firms of solicitors, providing briefing material for the National Executive Committee and Officers and contributing to union education. The Department works closely with the union's other specialist departments – e.g. research, education, editorial.

We are looking for a lawyer with work experience in all or some of the following areas: *general employment law (unfair dismissal, etc); social security law; personal injury work.*

The person would also need to have some administrative experience and be capable of organising the work of the Department. Interest in and commitment to the trade union movement essential.

Applications in writing, including C.V. to the General Secretary, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey SM7 2LH by Monday 3rd March 1986.

Britain's Health Service Union

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey. OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345. N49.34

SUMMER JOBS

GERMANY SUMMER JOBS: also France and Switzerland. Send large s.a.e. to: VW1, 9 Park End Street, Oxford. N6.30

'SUMMER JOBS ABROAD' and 'Summer Jobs Britain' both list 30,000 varied vacancies and cost £4.95 each from bookshops or Vac-Work, 9 Park End Street, Oxford. N03.2

USA SUMMER JOBS: ranches, resorts etc. Up to £200 per week. Directory listing 50,000 jobs in W.H. Smith etc. or £6.95 from Vac-Work, 9 Park End Street, Oxford. N03.3

GENERAL SERVICES

QUALITY TYPING English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617. N49.27

24 HOUR Typing Service. Quality typing, Manuscripts – articles – thesis – letters – CVs etc. Moderate charges. Ring 061-226 9477. N6.31

THE TYPING POOL a woman's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc, from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-837 1489. N49.28

WORD PROCESSING: from script/tape. Reports, books, letters, mail shots etc. Moderate rates, high standards. 01-968 8399. N04.4

CIDER

THREE TASTES of Summer . . . delicious dry Perry: rare Kingston black Cider and a blended dry Cider based on the Foxwhelp apple & corked litres of each. £7.95 inc. postage & c.w.o. please. Dunkerton's Cider Co., Pembridge, Leominster, Herefordshire HR6 9ED. Tel. Pembridge 653. N5.33

FINANCIAL

BRIDGING LOANS before contracts are exchanged. From £15,000. Apply for brochure & terms from Principal Lenders (not brokers). United Provident, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. Tel. 01-499 5416. N02.3

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50, 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel: 01-734 1974. N49.39

ACCOM. VACANT

WRITER/SIMILAR wanted as 'granny' for informal, professional family. Somerset. Rent-free cottage provided. 0749 3069. N6.36

ACC. WANTED

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN & dog require accom., N. London – Mon.-Fri. Tel. 0433 70300 (evgs/wkends). N6.32

Please mention
NEW STATESMAN
When replying
to advertisements

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman SOGAT 82 CHAPEL
Supports fellow unionists in their dispute at News International

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Informal short talk & questions. 'Karma' 8 p.m. 9 Feb. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL. N6.33

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

DIG THIS. Archaeology Holidays digging in Galloway from £91 per week. 061-445 3732 or 061-225 7060, or write AAA, 35 Lapwing Lane, Manchester 20. N03.12

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. *Low cost flights,* holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108. N49.30

LET YOUR HOME to a professional family on holiday from Holland, Germany, Scandinavia, etc. Perhaps rent a home or villa in Europe yourself. Write: Dr N. S. Binkhuysen, P.O. Box 279, 1900AG Castricum, Holland: or phone Reading (0734) 472524. N6.34

PROVENCE Medieval town house sleeps six. Two bathrooms, terrace all inc., plus linen. May/September. From £120 p.w. 01-693 6098. N03.13

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. Cottage overlooking mouth of river Otter & sea (2 mins). Sleeps 4, gas, elec., TV. Ring 01-435 0171. N5.2

DISCOUNT FARES to W/Indies, USA, Africa, India, Malaysia, Sydney/NZ, Far East, Worldwide. Fareplan, National House, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772. N04.9

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner B. & B. £74 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, LL27 0QA. Tel. Llanrwst (0492) 640566 N04.10

OPERA HOLIDAYS: to various centres including Prague, Budapest, Salzburg, Vienna and Verona. For brochure giving full details write: G. W. Henebery Ltd, Kareol, Islip, Oxford OX5 2SU. Telephone 086 75 6341. N6.35

EASTER 28 March-6 April
Naples £150, Leningrad £205, Venice £135.

HANOI (capital of Vietnam) 29 April-14 May
£1,050. By air via Prague. (A small country which successfully dealt with invasions by Japan, France, USA and China).

MAY DAY
Moscow £199 by train, Peking £885 out by air – return berth on Trans-Siberian railway.

SPRING BANK HOLIDAY 24 May-3 June
Norway £175, Moscow £199, Yugoslavia £160, Albania £260, Balaton & Budapest £145, Lake Garda £135

SUMMER TO MOSCOW — 11 day holiday every week from 1 July-26 Sept £199

Ask for 1986 Brochure stating destination

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JG
Tel: 0484 24269

New Statesman RESEARCH DIRECTORY

On 7 March the **New Statesman** will again publish its Research Directory, designed to be of practical value to researchers, writers, teachers and students. It will provide a readily available source of information on courses, and a guide to the variety of libraries, museums and archives open to the those engaged in research.

An entry in the directory can cost as little as £10!

For full details of advertising rates, telephone **David Jones** on **01-251 5487**, or write to **Advertisement Dept (RD), New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Deadline for bookings: Friday 28 February.**

AGENDA

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

SAT 8 JAN

A DAY FOR NICARAGUA. Theatre, poetry, slide show, video, panel discussion, food, stalls, exhibition. Participants include *Prunella Scales, Timothy West, Jeremy Corbyn MP & Alf Dubbs MP.* Evening concert with *Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seegar.* Atheldene Centre, 305 Garrat Lane, SW18. Afternoon 2-6pm £2. Concert 7.30pm £3. Both £4. Concessions. Organised by Tooting Labour Party. Details 01-767 5373.

STUDENT CONFERENCE on Nicaragua. Day long meeting in Oxford founding National Student Organisation in support of Nicaragua wih NUS & NSC assistance. If interested contact Peter Benjamin, St Catherine's College, Oxford. 0865 717840.

MON 10 FEB

ZAPPING AT GREENHAM COMMON. Lunch-time lecture at St James's Church Piccadilly 1.05pm. Speakers from the women's peace camp at Greenham talk about evidence they are collecting on their subjection to scientific methods of controlling group and individual behaviour. Video. 1.05pm. Free. Details 01-734 4511.

WED 12 FEB

FAITH IN THE CITY. A major lecture series at St James's Church Piccadilly at 1.05pm considers the Archbishop of Canterbury's Commission's Report on Urban Priority Areas. This week: The Revd Barry Thorley, Vicar of St Matthew's, Brixton "Making Space."

SAT 15 FEB

NICARAGUA: HEALTH ON THE LINE. Conference on health in Nicaragua and action in the UK. Guest Dr. Mirna Cunningham, regional administrator Zelaya Norte. County Hall, London SE1, 11am-5pm. Contact Nicaragua Health Fund, 83 Margaret Street, London W1. 01-580 4292.

SAT 22 FEB

BENEFIT AGAINST APARTHEID. 8-11pm. St Saviour's Church Hall, Cobbold Rd., W12 (Shepherds Bush). DISCO/VIDEO.

SOCIALIST SOCIETY CONFERENCE

"A Million New Jobs a Year — How?"

21-22 February
County Hall, London
Friday 21st, 8pm
"Lessons from Europe and the last Labour Government."
Speakers: Tony Benn, Mike Cooley, Audrey Wise (invited), Bernie Grant.
Chair: John Palmer

Sat 22 Jan — 10.30am-5pm
"What Kind of Employment?"
Speakers: Gail Lewis, Andrew Glyn, Robin Murray, Clair Short.
Chair: Narendra Makanji

"Strategies for Areas and Sectors."
Panel and Workshops.
Concluding: Ken Livingstone and Hilary Wainwright.
Chair: Jeremy Corbyn.

Cost £3/£2 unwaged. Creche – disabled access.

Details: Socialist Society, 9 Poland Street, London W1. Tel: 01-734 8501

FRI 28 FEB

RIGHTS AND DEMOCRACY CONFERENCE. University of London Institute of Education, 20 Bedford Way, WC1, Nunn Hall, 10am-5pm. Speakers: Paul Hirst, Chantal Mouffe, Timothy O'Hagan, Onora O'Neill. Tickets £3, £2 & £1 (unwaged). Contact Human Rights & Education (01) 636 1500 ext. 784/278.

FORTHCOMING

NUCLEAR FREE ZONES — Nuclear Free Independent Pacific Women's Tour of U.K. 1-15 March, 1986. CONTACT: NFZ UNIT, MANCHESTER TOWN HALL 061 234 3244.

FORTHCOMING CONFERENCE

NEW PERSPECTIVES ON DEMOCRACY AND CIVIL SOCIETY: An International Symposium. 21-22 February. Speakers: Stuart Hall, Helga Hernes, Claude Lefort, Steven Lukes, Alberto Melucci, Maria Márkus, Alec Nove, Quentin Skinner, Mihály Vajda. **Details: Annie Signac, Short Courses, PCL, 35 Marylebone Road, London NW1 5LS. Tel: 01-486 5811 ext 362.**

ADVANCE NOTICE
Labour Party's
FREEDOM FESTIVAL
Sat 3 May
Central Hall, Westminster

Save the Children

PROSPECTS FOR AFRICA

Prospects for Africa is a series of six seminars organised by The Save the Children Fund highlighting the development problems facing African governments and identifying future priorities for assistance.

February 24 — 6-8pm

The European Community's Response: Future Priorities

Chair: Rt. Hon. Roy Jenkins MP formerly President of the European Commission
Speakers: Christopher Jackson MEP, European Democratic Group spokesman on development and co-operation; Michael McGowan MEP, Member of the Development Committee of the European Parliament.

Admission: £5 (one or more seminars)

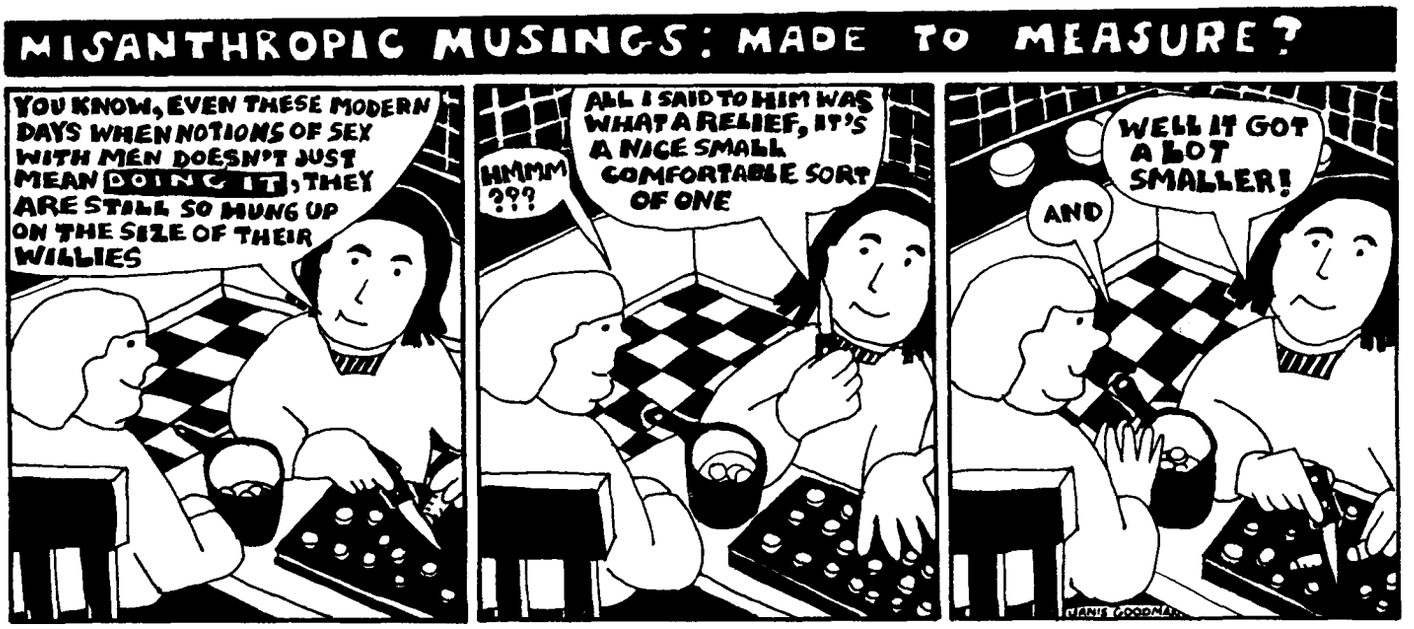
At: The Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors, 12 Great George Street, London SW1.

Booking: Barbara Hewitt, The Save the Children Fund, 17 Grove Lane, London SE5 8RD. Tel: 01-703 5400.

Agenda costs only £5 for 25 words (extra words 30p each) inclusive of VAT.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Tocatta Graphics, Tabard House, 116 Southwark Street, London SE1
Printed by Benham & Co Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LH. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS: MADE TO MEASURE?
YOU KNOW, EVEN THESE MODERN DAYS WHEN NOTIONS OF SEX WITH MEN DOESN'T JUST MEAN DOING IT, THEY ARE STILL SO HUNG UP ON THE SIZE OF THEIR WILLIES
HMMM ???
ALL I SAID TO HIM WAS WHAT A RELIEF, IT'S A NICE SMALL COMFORTABLE SORT OF ONE
AND
WELL IT GOT A LOT SMALLER!
NANCY GOODMAN

CHESS

A WORLD championship match without disputes is rather like an Old Trafford Test without rain. It's a logical possibility, but experience teaches us that such things cannot happen. The Kasparov-Karpov return match was due to start on 10 February and, if things had gone according to plan, FIDE President Florencio Campomanes should have announced the venue by 24 January at the latest. This decision on the venue was eagerly awaited by British chess fans, since there seemed every reason to expect that, even if the London bid did not secure the whole match, at least we would get to share a split-venue contest, with games 1-12 in London and 13-24 in Leningrad. However, the proposed schedule was in the meantime torn to shreds by the principal parties.

Since winning the title on 9 November Kasparov had taken every opportunity of making public his objections to the special regulation that gave Karpov the right to a return match. Even if such a match were to be played, he considered a mere three-month interval absurdly hasty. Whilst Kasparov continued to express this view with considerable vehemence to any available journalist, Campomanes gave him a deadline of 28 January, by which time he was to agree to play the match or else forfeit his title. By 18 January the news was that Kasparov was adamantly refusing to play.

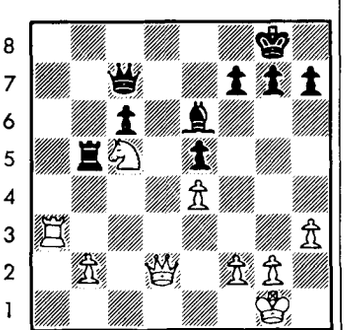
If no further moves had been made off the board, Karpov would have regained by default the title he won by default in the first place when Fischer refused to play in 1975. This would have been an embarrassing situation all round, not least to the Soviet chess federation, who responded by calling a crisis meeting in Moscow on 21 January, both Ks in attendance. The session ended in a compromise of sorts: both Kasparov and Karpov signed an agreement, the substance of which is that they will play a return match, but only after a postponement of a further 6 months.

This put Campomanes in a very awkward position. Could he and should he rearrange the match to suit the terms of the Kasparov-Karpov accord? What else could he do? Should this compact between the two players be viewed as a challenge to his authority? By securing Karpov's compliance over the postponement Kasparov had completely outmanoeuvred the FIDE President, and one might wonder whether the young man from Baku, still nursing a grievance over the way Campomanes had stepped in to terminate the first match, intended this as a revenge upon a meddlesome official. Fortunately, the British Chess Federation were not content to stand by and await developments. David Anderton, a man of proven diplomatic expertise as England team captain, was dispatched to FIDE headquarters in Lucerne, ready to be as flexible as possible over helping Campomanes to find a solution, so long as London landed the match in the end.

The good news is that London has now been officially granted an option on the whole match, re-scheduled to start late July or early August. It seems that finance can be guaranteed for the first 12 games at least and with just a little extra in the way of fund-raising efforts we will be able to host the whole of the match. So all's well that ends well? I hope so. Certainly the prospective organisers and the FIDE executive have done all that could be asked in the way of accommodating the players' wishes. The rest is up to Kasparov and Karpov, who should now be able to concentrate on resolving the one big issue between them over the board.

Problem

Does Black safely gain a piece with 1 . . . Rxc5? Or can White then force a draw — or even win?



Solution

1 . . . Rxc5? 2. Ra8 + Bc8 3. Ra7! Qb6 Now 4. Ra8 Qc7 5. Ra7 is a repetition, but White has something much better. **4. Qd7! and wins** (from Gancev-Pipkov, Albena 1966).

George Botterill

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
© 1986 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: Hugh Stephenson; **Deputy Editor:** Sarah Benton; **News Editor:** Andrew Lumsden; **Editorial staff:** Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political editor), John Rentoul, Claudia Wright (Washington); **Literary Editor:** Gillian Wilce; **Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Poetry Editor:** Hugo Williams; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, John Duncan, Karin Jensen; **Display advertisements:** Laura Berryman, Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £37; Europe (air mail only £41; rest of world: air speeded £41; air mail £52. USA: air speeded $62; air mail $83. Canada: air speeded Can $72; air mail Can $97.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

QUIZ

1) Which country was revealed last week to be the world's biggest importer of champagne?
2) Which island in the Mediterranean last week had its first snowfall for 22 years?
3) Which city last week introduced a two-week ban on T-shirts, badges and car stickers expressing 'any viewpoint of a political nature'?
4) Which town was to have been the venue for the Militant Tendency's annual conference last week, which was cancelled at the last moment?
5) Which film actor has announced that he hopes to be elected mayor of Carmel, California?
6) Who said of whom last week 'He does sometimes look like a stuffed shirt on television but he isn't a bit'?
7) Who said to whom recently 'Just hang in there. We'll get to you. If we miss for a day or two we'll be back'?
8) Which MP told the bishop of Durham recently 'You are a socialist and you lie if you deny it'?
9) What have Bob Geldof, Winnie Mandela, Nelson Mandela and Dr Anatoly Koryagin in common?

Answers

1) Britain; 2) Capri; 3) Cape Town; 4) Brighton; 5) Clint Eastwood; 6) Diana Britton on her husband, Leon; 7) Rupert Murdoch to his 'readers'; 8) Nicholas Fairbairn; 9) all have been nominated for this year's Nobel peace prize

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Policing London

The Police and Criminal Evidence Act came into full operation on January 1st 1986. Find out what it will mean.

The Police Bill of 1984 is now the Police and Criminal Evidence Act. As of 1st January this year, it is fully operational. It marks a new level of police powers. It allows the police to decide what arrestable offences are 'serious' and to use 'reasonable' force in the exercise of their new powers.

The police now have extended powers to stop and search you. And they have new powers to establish road blocks and search premises. They can arrest you for any offence if, for example, you fail to give your name and address. The police can also detain you at a police station without contact with the outside world for up to 36 hours. They can strip-search you and submit you to an intimate body search.

Not enough is known about these new powers or the way in which they will be used. That is why the GLC has prepared information material describing them. These are available FREE and you are invited to send for them today. They contain information which is of vital importance to all Londoners.

CALL NOW 01-633 5944

To: The Police Committee Support Unit
Room 602, Greater London Council
County Hall, London SE1 7PB
or ring 01-633 5944 (24 hours)

Please send me all the information you have on the Police and Criminal Evidence Act.

Name_____

Address_____

_____

Postcode_____

NST1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED